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THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT THE GARDEN-PARTY AT MOUNT STEWART, THE SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forester.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There have been of late some interesting letters in a well-known religious organ upon "Warnings and Admonitions." It is not generally understood how it is "borne in upon us" what to do or what to avoid doing by supernatural agency. Those who are favoured in this way of course have a great advantage, and there is certainly nothing that would be so much appreciated on the Turf or on the Stock Exchange. In the former calling there are many stories of pronouncements, though of a less spiritual character. A gentleman driving down to the Derby years ago was maliciously blocked again and again by a butcher's cart with the name Momus upon it (it was not Momus, but I have forgotten that part of the story). He was very angry, and kept repeating the word to himself lest he should forget it, for he had made up his mind to summon the fellow. He did this so often that it got upon his nerves, and he could think of nothing else. He had gone to Epsom with the intention of backing the favourite, but in his confusion put a large sum of money on Momus, a rank outsider with immense odds against him; and Momus won. It is no wonder he believed in admonitions. Sporting persons, stand much more in need of warnings, and, unhappily, very seldom get, or, at all events, attend to them. They have sometimes what they call "inspirations," but those generally induce them to back the second horse. Among the divines, on the contrary, it is pleasant to read that they are often favoured with spiritual tips. If laymen asserted that their matters of business were thus looked after in higher spheres, it would be thought egotistic; but one should not, perhaps, wonder that the composition of sermons should be subject to such influences. Minister after minister gives his testimony to this effect. One of them describes how he had chosen a discourse, from a number of old ones which he apparently kept in hand, to preach at a distant church (where he concluded, one supposes, there would be no one to recognise it), but it was suddenly and strongly borne in upon him that it should be a funeral sermon. He took one accordingly, and was met at his journey's end by an official of the chapel, who informed him that a prominent member of the congregation had just died, and suggested that he should refer to the sad event.

Another divine on passing a strange house heard a voice which said, "Go down and speak the things which I bid thee." He was naturally surprised, and exclaimed (naïvely enough), "O Lord, I don't know the people!" However, the injunction was repeated, and he obeyed it, with most excellent results, but such as if they had occurred to a less saintly witness would arouse some incredulity. The most interesting of these correspondents is a divine who is always admonished wrongly, no doubt by an evil spirit; but this does not affect its usefulness, as he has only to do just the contrary to what he is advised to do.

Singularly enough, while this discussion is going on about spiritual "admonitions," the *Spectator* publishes a correspondence equally attractive concerning "coincidences." The subject strikes one as having possibilities of great practical value. A lady writes: "My husband and I always wrote to each other every day when absent from each other. On one of these occasions I told him in my daily letter how I had taken up a new novel late the evening before, and had been so much amused by it that I had sat up until I finished it, and only regretted that he had not been with me when I read it. In his letter of corresponding date he said he had been very late the night before, having taken up a new book, and been so much amused that he had read it through. 'Get it at once. I am only sorry I read it without you.' It was the same book." The incident happened, we are told, many years ago, and the novel mentioned is an old favourite with the public; but it would be very advantageous to a young story-teller to have his book dreamt about by a friendly couple in this agreeable manner, and the circumstances made public. Another correspondent discourses on the same subject in connection with a present of grouse, which seems very appropriate to the present season; but, of course, as he himself is careful to mention, this is "only a coincidence"; otherwise an undisciplined mind might perceive in it a hint to one's friends in the Highlands.

Next to the happy-go-lucky people, those who take "short views" and are convinced that "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," the merry heart that goes all the day, I admire the folks who never find time heavy on their hands when they have nothing to do with it. What clear consciences they must have! What a sense of having fulfilled all that could be expected of them! I have seen them sitting in railway waiting-rooms without a book, and perfectly content. Anglers are something of this sort, but even if they never get a bite they are doing something—looking for one. My ideal is not the "complete angler" (though he approaches it), but the perfect idler. It is said that one never finds one's ideal, but this one has been found, and just where one would have expected—in the workhouse. At Constance Road, wherever that may be, there appears to be a colony of them, though anything less like what we are accustomed to associate with 'he idea

of colonists—careless, stirring, persevering beings—it is difficult to imagine. One of them, alas! has perished—not, of course, from *ennui*, but from an accident. It was stated at the inquest that he had been in the house for fourteen years and was a very strong man. "Was anything the matter with him previously?" inquires a juror (and ratepayer). "Nothing." "Then why was he in the workhouse?" "Well, you see," says his mother (with inexplicable pathos), "as I was left with seven on 'em, he did not like to live on me." Coroner: "A man of that age; I should think not!" A witness, "a strongly built man," is examined, who states that he is "residing" at the workhouse. Coroner: "You look fit enough to do a day's work. What are you?" "A carpenter. There is no trade doing. I'm like a lot of others." Another workhouse witness, twenty-two, "tall and well-built," admits that he has been an inmate since November. "When are you coming out?" "When I can get a job." Another says he has been there two or three years. Coroner (sarcastically): "And very comfortable, I suppose?" "Yes, it's very comfortable for those who have nothing else to do." Chorus of jurors and ratepayers: "Or want no work to do?" One can imagine their indignation (which they embodied, by-the-by, in their verdict), but they were not students of human nature. If they had been it could not but have been gratifying to discover this little nest of innocent idlers in Constance Road. To the ordinary man the workhouse is abhorrent; the industrious poor say (and prove it) that they would "rather die than go there." But these fine able-bodied young fellows appeal from a coroner's verdict to the higher criticism. They are not rebellious, they give no trouble, they don't "tear up their clothes" (the only amusement in workhouses), and under the circumstances they are "very comfortable." Some people, who doubtless consider themselves their superiors, would be bored to death, but not they. All they ask for is idleness; and they get it. We talk of content, and hopelessly inquire, "Where is it?" Now we know—in Constance Road Workhouse.

What is very sad, is that when "residents" in workhouses do not give themselves up to doing nothing, they generally take to doing mischief. Even those who are in receipt of outdoor relief are apt to follow disreputable courses. A deplorable example of this came under the notice of the Curdifi Board of Guardians the other day. The Relieving Officer mentioned the case of a man who had applied for flannels. Chairman: "What sort of character is he?" R. O.: "Well—" Chairman: "Come, out with it—good or bad?" R. O.: "Well—it's nothing bad *particularly*." Chairman: "Then it's nothing very good, I'm afraid." R. O. (with great simplicity and disparagingly): "There's nothing actually wrong with him, but he's a little inclined to literature." Poor fellow! One is not surprised that he wanted outdoor relief: the wonder is that he was not in the workhouse!

It is always the onlookers who see most of the game; and the observations of aliens who are so good as to visit us are sometimes as full of novelty as of information. In *Lippincott's Magazine* an American lady narrates her experiences of London housekeeping, which she acknowledges (and well she may) is far superior to that of New York as regards thrift and economy. She has ordered coals to be sent in, and cook reports their arrival. "The coals 'ave been sent in, Mem, and will you please to walk down and see 'em?" "I don't want to see them," replies Mrs. C., looking up from her book. "Oh, really, Mem. Beg pardon, Mem, but who is to see them weighed?" cook persists. "Weighed! Why, I never heard of such a thing," says Mrs. C. She goes down and finds cook in her oldest gown and dusting-cap in the back offices, a scale before her, a basket at hand ready for the weighing. It takes her odd time for three mornings—result, one-fourth of a ton short of coal ordered and paid for. She is walking away, when cook stops her. "Wait a minute, Mem, and I'll give you the key," she remarks. "What! Lock up the coal? Good gracious! What a country!" The question is, however, in what part of the country has Mrs. C. resided where the mistress goes to see the coal weighed and locks it up? She evidently imagines it was the Metropolis, but one fears some practical joker must have recommended her to Hanwell. The row of trees in front of Mrs. C.'s house looks yellow and melancholy. Great heaps of leaves are lying beneath. "I'll have them cleared off," she thinks. She rings her bell. Susan answers it. It happens that Susan "knows the very man." He appears as if by magic, and is to be seen with his wheelbarrow hard at work. The job done, Susan enters with a tray, on which is "two-and-six." "What is that for?" asks Mrs. C., utterly bewildered. "It's for the leaves, Mem. My brother says it's exactly what's bein' paid all over."

It is Mrs. C.'s turn to stare now. "What do you mean?" she asks. "E's payin' you for the leaves, Mem," Susan repeats, "if you please. E's 'auled them all away for manure. And that's the regular price. E's not one to cheat nobody, American nor English, nor French—call themselves wot they like." Mrs. C. is staggered. She doesn't take it. "I don't want his money!" she exclaims. "Take it right back to him.

And here! Give him this, and thank him for doing it so nicely and promptly." She hands Susan a half-crown. Susan can scarcely believe her eyes. She curtsies repeatedly. "She gives enough thanks to have served if Mrs. C. had saved her life." This second experience of Mrs. C. is more extraordinary than her first. Independently of the great probability of the trees not being her trees, nobody ever got two-and-sixpence for leaves (unless it were tea-leaves) in London nor anywhere else. As for Susan being so nice in her manner, one cannot but suspect that she was no housemaid, but Mrs. C.'s "attendant," whose orders were to be as conciliatory to the patient as possible. After the leaves, the coals appear again, and she is offered fourpence-halfpenny by the dustman for the ashes after they have been "cradled." The article in the magazine is called "European House-keeping," and is written in all seriousness. I am very much afraid that somebody has been pulling somebody else's leg.

The man who wrote "The proper study of mankind is man" might have added that it was also the most interesting. What conversation is so entrancing as that which deals with it? How "twopenny halfpenny," so to speak, are the topics that are discussed in ordinary society by smart people, fashionable persons, five-o'clock-tea folks, and Mrs. Grundy's friends, compared with it! How superior it is to the high flut' twaddle about Art, and the sham enthusiasm over the last new poet! Wilkie Collins, whose own conversation was nevertheless essentially human, once expressed his contempt for people who were interested in nothing save what they read in the newspapers. But what dramatic things one does read in the newspapers; what tragedies beyond everything that is dreamt of by dramatist or novelist! I see a paragraph to-day which has probably not attracted the attention of half-a-dozen readers—the obituary of a widow whose husband (a very bad one) was murdered by his two sons; an incident now almost forgotten, but which at one time created a sensation throughout the whole country. One of them (they were both mere lads) was hanged for it, and the other condemned to imprisonment for life. What an experience must hers have been! What fears, what agonies, what despair, must she have gone through! How small and slight must have seemed all other incidents and misfortunes! What an autobiography she might have written!

Good novels are held to be works of imagination, but Mr. Julian Sturgis has demonstrated that they may owe their being to fancy. "The Folly of Pen Harrington" might have been written by Ariel. Grace and lightness of touch make the book quite remarkable; it has a most delicate and subtle charm. There is scarcely any story, but the dialogue is so bright and the situations so agreeable that we do not miss it. It is exclusively fashionable, but even its frivolity is attractive. Its "dear duchess" is delightful, and puts all other dear duchesses into the shade. About Pen, we are not quite so sure as all her friends are; we do not see why she accepted Mr. Pharamont, nor why she married Pete; the notion of Pen in Africa is ridiculous, and even humiliating. But at home it is no wonder that she founded a sect and is worshipped by it. And what a sect it is! How indebted we feel to Freddy and Lady Linda for their company, and to Mr. and Mrs. Bobby for their "entertainments"! The two last, indeed, are creations for which we shall ever feel grateful. Mr. and Mrs. Beal, though merely sketched in, are also capital characters. Mrs. B. is a lady of fashion, but Mr. B. declines to mix in the whirlpool. He had tried one "season," and that was enough for him—

He said freely to several persons that his life had lain for the most part among semi-civilised or savage peoples, but for entire absence of manners, combined with cold-blooded cruelty, he had seen no people, of any colour, who equalled the English woman of fashion. He added, with his usual generosity, that as Mrs. Beal appeared to like it he would pay her expenses, but that for himself he preferred the society of New Mexico; and when Mrs. Beal required a rest from her labours, she might join him with what skin she had left on her. It is the author's fault that Pen's "seasons" are so much more agreeable to us than to Mr. Beal; we prefer his frivolous people to his earnest and well-principled African explorer. Who can resist a "society" where an offer is made and declined as follows?—

"You do not dislike me, then?" he asked, still very cool and courteous.

"You?" she asked, looking at him critically. "I can hardly think of you," she said—"of you yourself. You represent too much."

"What, for instance?" he asked, faintly smiling.

"What not?" she said. "You are two parks, and three houses, horses and diamonds, art and letters, a faultless pose, the right thing made flesh."

"That's not worthy of you," he said.

"You are a great position," said she.

"Spare me!" He made a slight movement with his shoulders.

"You mean that I am vulgar," said Pen; "that I read you like an auctioneer's catalogue."

He put into his tone a greater earnestness. "If I care a jot for any of these things," he said, "you know why."

"No, I don't, and I won't," said Pen sharply.

To find fault with such a book as this would be to break a butterfly on the wheel. We are content to admire its grace and beauty, though it is so slight that we see the sunshine through it, and the trellis-work hardly supports the creepers.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.

On Wednesday, Sept. 8, the loyal citizens of Belfast prepared an ovation for the Duke and Duchess of York, and with Irish heartiness (no way lessened by the Scottish strain in it) welcomed the royal visitors to the enterprising capital of the North. At the railway station all the civic dignitaries and public men were in waiting, and during the reception some twenty addresses were presented. The Duke made the usual felicitous reply, whereupon the party drove through the city, where great crowds cheered them enthusiastically, to the famous shipbuilding yard of Harland and Wolff. Thereafter the Duke and Duchess opened a new dock, which has been constructed by the Harbour Commissioners. In order to open the dock, the Duke and Duchess embarked on the *Slieve Donard*, and as the steamer proceeded on its way their Royal Highnesses were greeted with a mingled din of cheering from countless throats, the shrieks of the sirens from the neighbouring steam-boats, and the boom of cannon. Across the entrance of the new dock hung a garland of flowers. On the fore part of the dock were erected two pedestals surmounted by gilt dolphins; to these was fastened a ribbon communicating with a guillotine on the steamer's bow. As the vessel approached the floral barrier, the Duke was presented with a beautiful knife, with which he cut the ribbon. The guillotine immediately fell, the wreath was severed, and at the moment it fell away the Duke declared the dock open. A peal of ordnance and a fresh burst of cheering heralded the entry of the steamer. Midway the Duchess cut another ribbon, and christened the new harbourage "the York Dock." The Harbour Board subsequently entertained

But it is not yet certain whether such an advance may not be deferred.

How wonderfully, in that region at the present moment, the conflicting forces of extreme barbarism and the effective inventions of modern science and skill are brought into play against each other! Some philosophical reflections, from this point of view, might be suggested by the sketches of our Artist, Mr. F. Villiers, which represent the unsophisticated natives employed under the direction of Egyptian army officers in laying the iron or steel plates and rails, or in carrying forward and fixing the telephone and telegraph wires; for such marvellous and mysterious operations must seem to the simple Moslem peasant like works of dire enchantment wrought by the power of Eblis or Sheitan, or of the "Djins" described in Arabian fables, still accepted by Eastern imaginative belief.

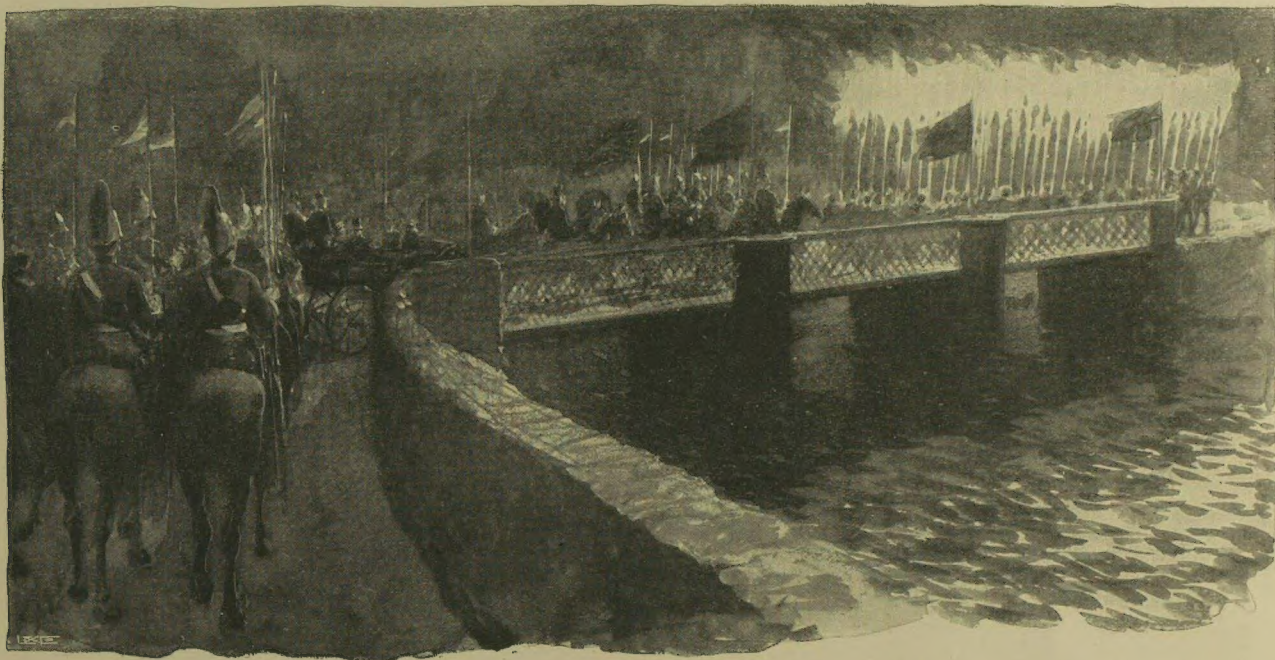
Egypt itself, during the nineteenth century, as well as the Soudan just now, has experienced from the introduction of European scientific methods, as a consequence of modern warfare, a prodigious extension or alteration of the mental horizon, compared with the formerly accepted limitation of the range of ideas in the Oriental mind. It is almost a hundred years since General Bonaparte's French army invaded Egypt. In the picture by M. Clairin representing the staff officers of that army viewing the stupendous architectural remains of the Temple of Karnak, we find another instance of the contrasts in the Valley of the Nile between objects of a venerable mystical antiquity and those which are the most recent products of latter-day civilisation.

ST. AUGUSTINE CELEBRATION.

An interesting commemoration of one of the most imposing events of ancient English ecclesiastical history

of enabling Mr. Robertson to include a good deal more of the text than has formerly held the stage. Thus the play no longer closes with Hamlet's death, but, with the final words of the Norwegian Prince, Fortinbras, who enters with his retinue of warriors. Theatricality, the appearance of Fortinbras is perhaps an anticlimax, but it has a very real dramatic propriety. Throughout the play the rumours of the Norwegian Prince's military energies have provided a foil to the philosophic inaction of Hamlet, and a final contrast of temperament is afforded by the appearance of the man who resolutely takes over the rule of the now kingless kingdom of Denmark. The restored scene, moreover, closes the play with a splendid tableau—the dead Hamlet borne aloft on the shields of Fortinbras's men to the solemn strains of a funeral march. As played at the Lyceum, however, the scene loses something of its value because the audience has been insufficiently prepared for it, no more than the usual passing references to Fortinbras having been retained in the earlier acts. The other most notable feature of Mr. Robertson's arrangement of the play is the omission of the soliloquy in which Hamlet debates whether he shall kill the King while he is praying. Mr. Robertson probably argued that this particular speech exhibits a brutal aspect of Hamlet's meditated revenge not in keeping with his own gracious portrait of the man; but in that case it was superfluous to retain the King's conscience-stricken lines.

In his reading of the character of Hamlet, Mr. Forbes Robertson agrees, in essentials, with Hazlitt. His Hamlet is a noble youth who is above all a gentleman and a scholar. There is none of the severity condemned by Hazlitt in the new Hamlet. He is not content with being "the most amiable of misanthropes"—he is positively genial. To Horatio he cries, "We'll teach you to drink



THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND: ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT NEWTOWN STEWART.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forester.

their Royal Highnesses at luncheon. In reply to the royal toast, the Duke made the longest and heartiest speech of his visit. His Royal Highness, referring to the close of the tour, said: "We leave to-day with your hearty Irish cheers still ringing in our ears, and we look forward with pleasure to again visiting Ireland." The York Street spinning factory next claimed the attention of the guests, who afterwards drove to the residence of the Lord Mayor, in the grounds of which a school-children's fête was in progress, some 10,000 little people being entertained. The afternoon saw another drive through the city to Donegal Quay, where the Duke and Duchess embarked on a river-steamer, which bore them to the *Victoria and Albert*, which lay in readiness to convey the parting guests to Scotland. The Duke and Duchess of York, arriving in the Clyde, from Ireland, on Thursday evening, next day landed to visit Glasgow. They were received by the Lord Provost and magistrates, and by the Clyde Navigation Trustees, who conducted them to lay the last coestone of the new "Prince's Dock."

THE SOUDAN ADVANCE.

The military expedition up the Nile, under command of General Sir Herbert Kitchener, is making steady progress. Garrisons have been placed at Dongola, Debbek, Korti, Merawi, Abu Hamed, and Berber, with gun-boats patrolling along the river, and the route across the Bayuda Desert, to the south-east, is guarded by friendly native tribes. Berber has been occupied by General Hunter with a garrison of regular troops. At Ed Damer General Hunter has dispersed a hostile band led by Zeki Osman, and captured four large boats laden with grain. The construction of the direct railway line from Korosko, below Wady Halfa, due southward across the Nubian Desert to Abu Hamel, is rapidly continued, a hundred and sixty-five miles of it being already laid down. The Dervishes have mustered in strength at Metemneh to oppose a final advance of the Egyptian army towards Khartoum.

has taken place this week in the neighbourhood of Ramsgate, at Ebbsfleet, where the missionary monk St. Augustine, sent by Pope Gregory I., landed in A.D. 597 to convert the heathen Saxons of East Kent. The festival of celebration, after thirteen centuries, organised upon this occasion by leading members of the Roman Catholic Church in England, was conducted by Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster, the Bishop of Southwark, the Bishop of Clifton, the Coadjutor-Bishop of Plymouth, and other clergy, accompanied by two eminent French prelates, Cardinal Perraud, Bishop of Autun, and the Metropolitan Bishop of Arles. The Duke of Norfolk, the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle, the Countess of Denbigh, Lady Herbert of Lea, and other persons of rank among the laity were present. Pontifical High Mass was performed at St. Augustine's Church on Monday, followed by a meeting at the Granville Hall, where Cardinal Vaughan delivered an impressive address. On Tuesday there was a solemn procession to Ebbsfleet, with the singing of High Mass, and in the evening a reception at St. Augustine's College. The proceeding of the conference were resumed at Canterbury on Wednesday.

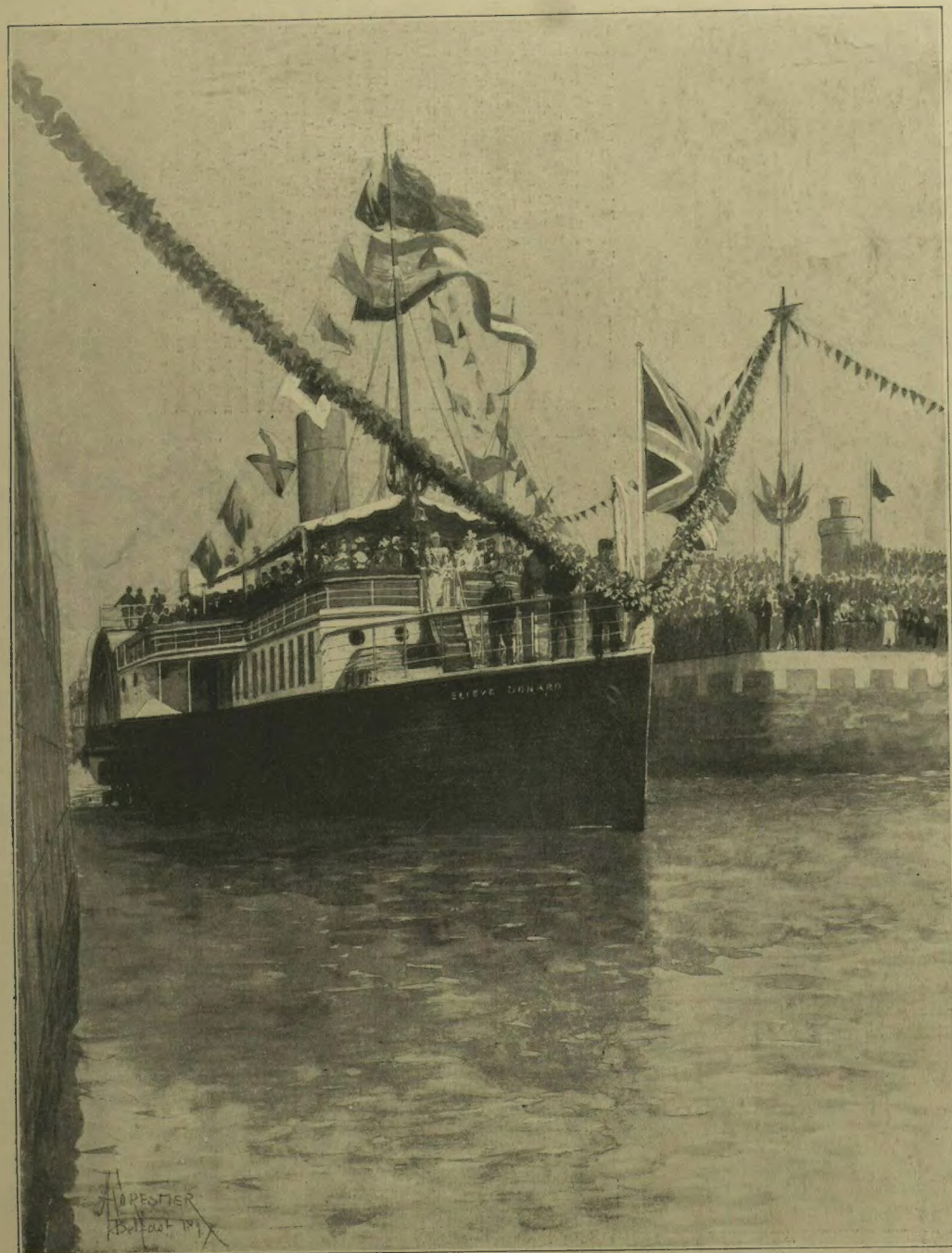
"HAMLET," AT THE LYCEUM.

To take "Hamlet," of all plays, and strip it of the shroud of stage traditions that has enveloped it this many a day, and then to set it on the stage anew, with a simplicity of illustrative "business" to which it has been long a stranger, was a daring experiment, justifiable in the eyes of playgoers only by the complete success with which Mr. Forbes Robertson has carried it out. It certainly speaks volumes for the fine imaginative quality of Mr. Robertson's performance that he can dispense with the adventitious aid of "points," old and new, and yet hold his audience as completely as he did on the opening night of his interregnum at the Lyceum.

The discarding of most of the lengthy "business" accumulated by his predecessors in the part has the initial advantage

deep ere you depart" as if he meant it, not in sarcastic allusion to the King's debaucheries. He chaffs Polonius with pleasantry rather than asperity, and the guile of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern fills him with no unutterable scorn. He can throw off his melancholy, forget his mission, and even find some enjoyment in the philosophic contemplation of life. A Hamlet of so much sweetness and light becomes, of course, infinitely more human and more lovable, but a good deal else is sacrificed with the air of sombre fatality which is surely inseparable from the character. The vexed question of Hamlet's madness troubles Mr. Robertson not a jot. Hamlet is perfectly sane. Even his "antic disposition" amounts to little more than sarcasm. Contemplative and introspective of habit he is, yet essentially healthy-minded and self-contained.

Granted the point of view, no praise can be too high for Mr. Forbes Robertson's performance. With his clear-cut mobile face, instinct with nobility, and his simple grace of bearing, he looks every inch a Prince, and it is a constant delight to hear the well-known lines not declaimed but spoken as the natural expression of thought in his finely modulated voice. The general charm of his performance can rarely, if ever, have been surpassed; but the whirlwind of passion is at present missing in the stronger scenes. An undue sacrifice of pathos is, moreover, made by the actor in two of the most moving situations of the play when he represents Hamlet as so dominated by his thirst for revenge that he has no love left for Ophelia, and scarcely any filial tenderness towards his mother. The Ophelia of Mrs. Patrick Campbell is singularly ineffective, though charmingly picturesque in appearance. The King is played soundly, if somewhat conventionally, by Mr. Cooper Cliffe; and Miss Granville makes a stately Gertrude. Mr. J. H. Barnes gives a clever study of Polonius, who has for once laid aside his senile humours, and appears, as he probably was, a very shrewd old man. Mr. Martin Harvey contributes a clever sketch of Osric, and the cast generally is adequate.



OPENING OF THE YORK DOCK AT BELFAST: THE "SLIEVE DONARD" BREAKING THE FLOWER CHAIN
STRETCHED ACROSS THE ENTRANCE TO THE DOCK.



THE ROYAL PARTY EMBARKING ON BOARD THE "SLIEVE DONARD."

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.—[Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forestier.]



THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.—RECEPTION OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK IN THE RAILWAY STATION, BELFAST: THE LORD MAYOR INTRODUCING THE ALDERMEN.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forestier.

PERSONAL.

The Duchess of York is said to be about to issue an appeal to the public on behalf of the Irish peasantry who are threatened with famine. There is only too much reason to believe that the potato crop has failed, and the rise in the price of corn increases the gloom of the outlook. Next year is the centenary of 1798, and it will be lamentable if such an anniversary should coincide with another famine. The Government must lose no time in taking steps to meet the emergency.

President Faure is abused by the French Press first for addressing the King of Siam in English, and next for going out shooting instead of accompanying the King to the races. This is described as an act of grave discourtesy, intended to show M. Faure's displeasure at the King's visit to England. English is the only European language with which the Siamese monarch is acquainted, and M. Faure showed his good sense in recognising this fact. The shooting expedition is more difficult to explain, but perhaps M. Faure felt that he needed a rest from the King's catechism. If this inquiring potentate should ask as many questions in France as he asked in England, his French hosts may be excused for feeling exhausted.

William Douglas Maclean Compton, fourth Marquis of Northampton, K.G., who had been in failing health for some time, died on Saturday at his seat, Toloisk, in the Isle of Mull, in his eightieth year. Born in 1818, he served in the Navy, rising to the rank of Admiral; and in 1877 succeeded his brother in the family titles and estates. He married, in 1844, Eliza, third daughter of Admiral Sir George Elliot, who bore him a numerous family. The late Marquis did not take an active part in politics, but he was sent, in 1881, as special Envoy to Madrid to invest the King of Spain with the Order of the Garter. The funeral takes place to-day at Castle Ashby, the family seat in Northamptonshire.

A vacancy in the Barnsley division has been created by the elevation of Earl Compton to the House of Lords, where he will occupy the place of his father, the late Marquis of Northampton. Earl Compton was the only heir to a peerage on the Radical side in the House of Commons, and he leaves a tolerably safe seat. On the Unionist side there are nineteen eldest sons expectant of peerages. This is one of the drawbacks to the Parliamentary fortunes of the Unionist party, for it keeps their electioneering managers in a state of chronic suspense, and makes the health of nineteen peers a matter of constant and anxious inquiry.

The death of Sir Everett Millais, second Baronet, took place on Tuesday night, last week, at his house at Shepperton. The news came as a great shock to his friends, most of whom had not even heard that he was ill. He was only just over forty years of age, and had what was supposed to be an iron constitution. He was devoted to sport, a subject on which he has made more than one contribution to the Press; and a few days before his death he got wet through while out shooting, and sat for some time in his damp clothes. The result was a chill, which ended in a fatal attack of pneumonia. Sir Everett was born in 1856, and was educated at Marlborough. He married, in 1886, Mary St. Lawrence, daughter of Mr. William Edward Hope-Vere; and his title now passes to his son, John Everett Millais, a boy of nine, whom he led by the hand in St. Paul's a year ago at the funeral of the President of the Royal Academy.

One of the distinguished members of the British Imperial Government service in the unhealthy climate of West Africa, and a military officer also of high merit and repute in the Army, was Lieut.-Colonel Charles Berkeley Pigott, C.B., who died on Sunday at his home in England, aged thirty-eight. He was the only son of Sir C. R. Pigott, Bart., of Brockenhurst, New Forest; entered the Army in 1879, and served with the 60th Rifles in the Zulu and other South African wars, afterwards in the Egyptian campaign of 1882, and in the Sudan, during several years, with Lord Wolseley's Nile Expedition, accompanying Sir Herbert Stewart's march across the Bayuda Desert to Metemneh. From 1887 till lately his services were chiefly on the West Coast of Africa and in the Ashanti War, after which he was appointed British Resident at Coomassie. He came home on leave of absence on account of his state of health.

The late Mr. Richard Holt Hutton had a strong dislike to anything in the shape of publicity, and no portrait of him is available for publication. We, however, give in another column an appreciation by one of the most distinguished representatives of the craft of which Mr. Hutton was so great an ornament—Mr. Frederick Greenwood.

Another loss to journalism of the last few days is that of Mr. James Spilling, who was the editor of the *Eastern Daily Press* and the *Norfolk News*. Mr. Spilling has left behind him many kindly memories. He was a representative of that same fine type of thoughtful journalism of which Mr. Hutton was, perhaps, the greatest example. In addition to the arduous journalistic work of two large provincial newspapers, Mr. James Spilling was indefatigable on behalf of Swedenborgianism, a creed concerning which he wrote many books. He also made a great reputation many years ago by the publication of sundry stories in the Norfolk dialect, the most popular of which, "Giles's Trip to London," sold in thousands and hundreds of

thousands. Mr. Spilling was born at Ipswich in 1823, and died in Norwich.

Lord Rosebery had no very difficult feat in enlanguising Wallace at Stirling without hurting the susceptibilities of Englishmen. Nobody takes umbrage at the reminder that at Stirling the Scottish hero overthrew the English forces, and laid that foundation of patriotism which enabled Bruce to triumph at Bannockburn. As Lord Rosebery said, in the greatness of Wallace Scotsmen commemorate the qualities which have done so much for the British Empire.

It is uncertain whether the vacant Judgeship will fall to Sir Robert Finlay or Mr. Bigham. Both sit in Parliament for constituencies where the Unionists are not over-strong. Sir Robert Finlay holds a precarious tenure of the Inverness Burghs, and Mr. Bigham is scarcely less secure in the Exchange division of Liverpool. Governments are not fond of losing a seat when they make a new Judge. On the other hand, the Unionist majority is so large that danger may be courted at Inverness or Liverpool without any serious anxiety. Sir Robert Finlay would make an excellent successor to Mr. Justice Cave.

The eccentricities of our electoral registration system would make an interesting subject for the foreign student. In one case that came before a revising barrister, a son claimed the Parliamentary vote as an occupier because he had succeeded his mother in that capacity. He had previously had the lodger vote. It was shown that he had not completed the qualifying period of occupation, and so he was disfranchised, as he had ceased to be a lodger.



Photo Lafayette, Dublin.

THE LATE MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON.



Photo Watery, Argent Street.

THE LATE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PIGOTT.



THE LATE SIR EVERETT MILLAIS, BART.



Photo Gaslin and Dwyer, Norwich.

THE LATE MR. JAMES SPILLING.

England is probably the only country where a man can be struck off the Parliamentary register on account of his mother's death. What would they say to this in France?

Madame Sarah Bernhardt has had a narrow escape from death. She was trying to descend a cliff in the island of Belleisle, near Quiberon, and she would probably have been killed but for the courage and dexterity of a poet, M. d'Harancourt, who happened to be bathing below. He was so badly hurt by a falling rock that he will have to keep his bed for some weeks. That the great actress should owe her life to a poet accords agreeably with the fitness of things. It is, moreover, just the sort of adventure that is in keeping with Sarah Bernhardt's temperament. Less original people are nearly run over, or thrown from bicycles; but these forms of danger are prosaic, whereas there is always romance on the face of a cliff. When Madame Bernhardt goes to Belleisle again, she must take care to have a poet or two on guard.

The Vegetarian Society has established an athletic and cycling club. Now we ought to see whether the stamina of a vegetable diet is superior to the stamina of a meat diet. Let the vegetarian athletes do battle with the athletic representatives of the other system. If vegetables can produce a Sandow this will do more for vegetarian principles than all the eloquence about the spiritual joys of lentil and artichoke.

On Friday, Sept. 10, the sixtieth anniversary of the late Sir Isaac Pitman's invention of his system of shorthand writing, called phonography, was celebrated in London by a conference at the Memorial Hall, continued next day. Mr. Alfred Pitman, Mr. T. A. Reed, Mr. Bernard de Bear, and Mr. Alfred Nixon took leading parts in the proceedings; Sir H. Trueman Wood took the chair at an evening public meeting.

THE LATE RICHARD HOLT HUTTON.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

It is told of Thackeray that one day when he had got halfway through the biography of a modern celebrated person, he started from his chair, impatiently crying to his daughter: "Remember, Annie—none of this when I drop!" The feelings which charged and fired this ejaculation seem to have prompted Richard Hutton to impose a like command upon his friends; and we know what good reason there is for the wish. But there can have been no intention of silencing the farewell word of gratitude which it would be graceless to withhold, or to stifle public commendation of work that is still alive to do the good which its author's days were passed in attempting.

What harm, indeed, if someone here and there tells of the man himself as by himself presented in his published writing; since it is so true that, in a far greater degree than happens to most men who spend their minds in journalism and the Reviews, he established a sense of personal knowledge and relation in thousands who never set eyes on him, or ever heard his name? No strongly influential writing in religion, morals, or politics, is of the kind called impersonal. Mr. Hutton did his best to give all he had to say the cast of impersonality, but it was impossible that he should succeed. Mind will out: a remark which needs, perhaps, the interpretative addition that there is mind, which is one thing, and a machinery of intellect, which is another. The machinery of intellect may be and very often is employed with success upon the work of mind; and wherever it is so employed an impersonality is no difficult achievement. But mind has qualities which, in original and distinctive combination, will make themselves known. There is no concealing them in their distinctive combination, which accordingly sets up a more or less powerful sense of attraction or repulsion (sometimes of attraction and repulsion mixed) wherever it is brought to bear. Richard Hutton's mind was of a very distinctive character; its strong moral qualities entered into, marked, and not infrequently modified the merest exercise of intellect; and it was employed with a subdued earnestness of persuasion which lent to what he wrote an air of direct and interested address to every one who gave attention to it. By its mental and moral characteristics it could always be recognised, although there was little in his style to afford aid to any but experts in that way. And thus it was that to the readers of the *Spectator*, in which so much of Mr. Hutton's work was done, anonymity was no bar to an influence felt as personal, welcomed as personal, and carrying nearly all the weight of tried and accepted mind-to-mind intimacy. Except that he was not seen by the bodily eye, he might almost as well have been a Saturday preacher at Paul's Cross, with a constant, trusting, but not uncritical congregation, as a writer in a weekly journal.

Mr. Hutton was a politician rather less, perhaps, than a man of letters, a moralist, a theologian; but yet a more earnest and interested politician than many known men who are devoted to politics and nothing else. But whatever the work in hand, the moralist was never absent, nor the faithful, thoughtful, yet somewhat restless Believer. Everything that can be so applied (and there is little that cannot) was brought by him to a well-settled moral standard. It was equally so in politics, the duties and obligations of citizenship, and in literary criticism. A long and enthusiastic championship of Mr. Gladstone—afterwards abandoned—may be supposed to have had this explanation; for Richard Hutton had a large share of the prevailing confidence in the moral origin and purpose of that statesman's policies. Whenever pity or humanity came into the preamble of a Bill, or was the proclaimed inspiration of a political project, it might be many doubtful things without directing Hutton's support away from it. Though his literary criticism could be impulsive (and when impulsive it was not always correct), at every other time it was conducted with the same care, the same deep sense of responsibility, which governed the expression of his religious speculation and teaching. Delighting in imaginative literature, and giving to it a higher place than men generally do whose minds are distinctly of the religious-philosophic cast, his demand on it was for sanity; the sweetness, order, honesty of perfect health. These qualities, with as many graces and as many subtleties of fit adornment as you would; but imperatively these. The fine flashings of reckless and disordered genius gave him comparatively little pleasure, and we can readily fancy him wishing that it gave him less. Thus it was that he found so much to praise in the poems of Matthew Arnold, the full and great merit of which he was the first to bring home to the consciousness of Britain's reading public—and afterwards, perhaps, to overrate.

His fault in literary criticism—and more or less in all—sprang from the depth and sensitiveness of his religious convictions. They were reached by the faintest breath of anti-religious sentiment, and when so touched could rouse in him suspicion of everything that came from the same quarter. Sometimes it seemed as if, whether he would or no, he could not acknowledge the soundness and honesty of any intellectual process in a mind vacant of Belief. That is the worst that can be said; and it would be the least surprising thing to hear that he was conscious of it as a fault in the blood and bones of him. For he was all conscience that was not thought; justice his constant aim, and humanity his strongest inspiration.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Francis Joseph of Battenberg, at Balmoral, was visited last week by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, by the Duchess of Albany and Princess Elizabeth of Waldeck-Pyrmont, and by the Duke and Duchess of Fife on Monday. Sir Matthew White Ridley has been the Minister in attendance.

The Queen has sent a message to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland saying that she is "greatly pleased to hear of the very loyal and kind reception which her dear grandchildren," the Duke and Duchess of York, "have met everywhere in Ireland," and she asks to have this expression of her feeling made generally known.

Mr. Samuel Moss, late Chairman of the Denbigh County Council, is the Liberal Parliamentary candidate opposed to the Hon. George Kenyon for East Denbighshire.

Lord Rosebery on Monday, at Stirling, attended the celebration of the six hundredth anniversary of the battle in which Sir William Wallace defeated the English army under Earl Warrene. After visiting the Wallace Tower on Abbey Craig, which commands a view both of the ground at Cambuskenneth, where that action was fought in 1297, and of the field of Bruce's victory at Bannockburn, there was a banquet in the Public Hall of Stirling, with

guaranteed pecuniary indemnity to Turkey for the costs of the Greek war, and securing thereupon withdrawal of the Turkish army from Thessaly, which is the result that Lord Salisbury has been striving to achieve. Further endeavours made this week seem to have had more success, for we now learn that on Monday the Ambassadors of England and Germany agreed to the latest British proposal, for an International Control of the Greek revenues to be set apart for the required loan and former public debts, and Russia will urge the acceptance of this scheme upon the Sultan; but it will need a vote of the Greek Parliament. The loan will be raised through the Ottoman Bank.

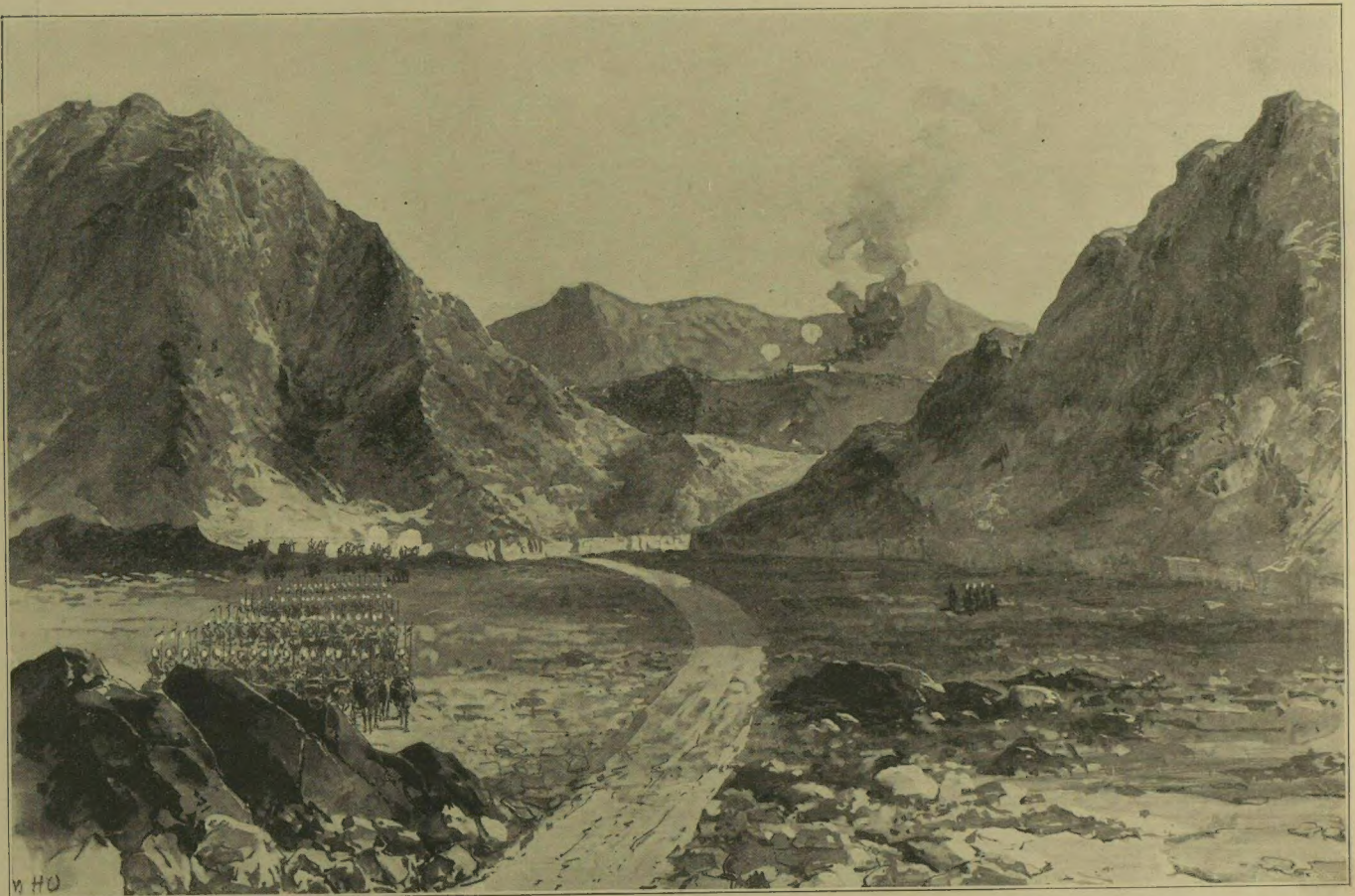
The resolution of the Admirals of foreign naval squadrons to raise the blockade of the coast of Crete, has been overruled by the Governments which they represent, being deemed premature and inexpedient; meanwhile, Turkish vessels conveying troops are forbidden to remain in any harbours of that island.

Wholesale arrests, followed by imprisonment and transportation, of members of the Turkish Reform Party at Constantinople, are reported by correct informants, who state that 440 were sent last week, from the Kishak prison, by steamers to Tripoli.

In the United States of America, serious rioting and

THE INDIAN FRONTIER WAR.

An impending general battle with the collected warlike forces of the Afridis and Orakzais on the Samana hill ranges, to the south-west of the Khyber Pass, seems now likely to occur within a very few days; and it appears probable, also, that in the Mohmand country, to the north, General Elles, who was moving forward from Shabkadr, on Wednesday, to join the main body of troops under command of General Sir Bindon Blood, will have to encounter serious resistance before the plan of combined operations in Bajaur can be executed with full effect. General Elles has 6000 good regular troops, forming the two brigades of Major-Generals Westmacott and Macgregor. General Yeatman Biggs, who had started from Hangu on his march to the Samana hills, was hindered on Saturday by a night attack made upon his rear-guard, which, under command of Colonel Pulley, repulsed the enemy, Goorkhas of the 2nd and 3rd Regiments bravely maintaining the conflict during three hours. This took place in the Khanki Valley; but the next day's march proved so distressing to the troops, from lack of water to drink, that the whole column was obliged to return to Hangu. In the meantime, attacks were made by strong parties of the hostile Orakzai tribes on the fortified posts of Gulistan, which General Yeatman Biggs had intended to relieve. The frontier police station at Saragari, held by twenty-one men of the 36th



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: A RECONNAISSANCE IN FORCE—AUGUST 23, FIVE P.M.

From a Sketch by an Officer of the Garrison at Fort Jamrud.

the Provost in the chair, and Lord Rosebery made a brilliant speech.

The strike or lock-out of the engineers in almost every manufacturing district and commercial shipbuilding port of Great Britain continues to extend, the aggregate number of men now out of work being 48,000, of whom 25,000 are members of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, 7000 non-Society engineers, 3000 machine workers, and 7000 labourers, all receiving strike pay, to the amount of £32,000 weekly. There are 50,000 of the Society still remaining at work.

The musical festival of the Three Cathedral Choirs was opened for this year at Hereford on Monday, to be continued until Friday.

The German Emperor, after the departure from Homburg of his guests, the King and Queen of Italy and other royal personages, travelled into Austria and Hungary, to be entertained at Budapest and to accompany the Emperor Francis Joseph, at Fótis, in viewing the military manoeuvres, with splendid local festivities, on Sunday, provided by Count Esterhazy.

Queen Louise of Denmark, surrounded by most of the members of her large family, except King George of Greece and his sons, has been keeping her eightieth birthday at the Castle of Bernstorff, near Copenhagen. The Prince and Princess of Wales and two daughters, one being Princess Charles of Denmark, also the Empress Dowager of Russia, are with this royal family party.

Diplomatic concerted statesmanship of the European Powers at Constantinople has encountered many difficulties at the repeatedly adjourned Conferences of the Ambassadors, chiefly occupied in settling the terms and mode of

fighting, with twenty-three men killed, took place on Sept. 10 among the foreigners, mostly Poles, Hungarians, or Lithuanians, on strike at the anthracite collieries near Hazleton and Lattimer, in Pennsylvania. The State militia troops were called out, and, by the Sheriff's order, fired upon a party of the rioters, who refused to stop in their advance on a forbidden road.

Twelve persons were killed by a railway collision last week at Emporia, in the State of Kansas. A similar disaster at Newcastle, in Colorado, cost over twenty lives.

The Cuban insurgent leader, Calixto Garcia, has inflicted a local defeat on the Spanish Government troops, capturing the small town of Las Tunas. Señor Domingo Mendez Capote, a lawyer, formerly of Havana, has been elected President of the Cuban Republic by the revolutionary party. General Weyler, the Spanish Military Governor, has an army of 130,000 men, but 26,000 are sick in hospital. There are serious alarms of an intended American intervention, with a naval force of the United States on the shores of Cuba.

A revolutionary movement has broken out in the Central American Republic of Guatemala. At San José, on Sept. 10, the brother of President Barrios was killed by the mob of insurgents, who gained possession of the city.

In India the High Court of Bombay concluded the trial of Mr. Gangadhar Tilak, proprietor and editor of a native newspaper at Poona, finding him guilty of publishing seditious articles tending to excite disaffection towards the British Imperial Government; he was sentenced by Judge Strachey to eighteen months' imprisonment. Bai, the printer of the newspaper, was acquitted.

Sikhs, was captured early on Monday morning by a band of assailants numbering over a thousand, after six or seven hours' desperate fighting in its defence, in which every man of the heroic Sikhs was killed. Fort Cavagnari and Fort Lockhart were attacked immediately afterwards; but the garrisons there were able to repulse the enemy; and it was hoped that General Yeatman Biggs, again setting forth to relieve them, would have arrived in a day or two with a force sufficient to secure those important positions. On Tuesday he defeated the tribesmen in a fight on the Gogra hills, and marched on to Gulistan.

A reconnaissance in force was recently made from Fort Jamrud towards the Khyber, to discover the enemy's strength and relieve the garrison of Fort Maude, about two miles from Ali Musjid. The Khyber Rifles retired under cover of the guns, which dispersed the enemy by firing on either side of the fort.

LONDON TO THE SOUTH COAST AND ISLE OF WIGHT: CLOSE OF THE EXCURSION SEASON.—With September ends the tourist and excursion season of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company, and they are announcing the last cheap Monday excursions to Brighton, Worthing, Hastings, Bexhill, Eastbourne, Seaford, Southsea, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight, with a steam-boat trip round the island in connection, to run on Sept. 27; the last Saturday excursions to Brighton and Worthing on Sept. 25, and the last Sunday excursions to Brighton, Hastings, Bexhill, Eastbourne, Seaford, Worthing, Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight on Sept. 26.

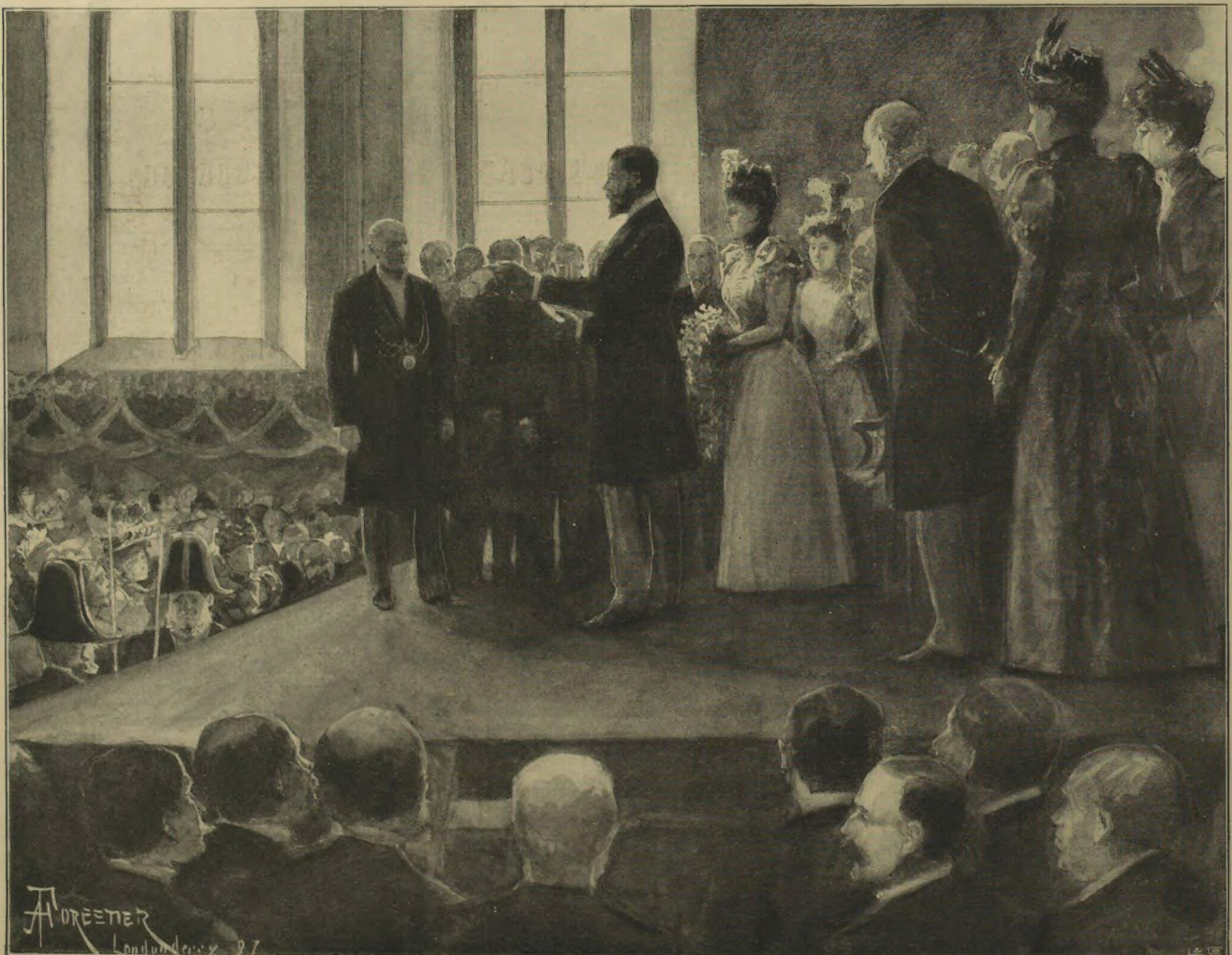
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THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND: THE MAYOR OF LONDONDERRY SHOWING THE OLD GUN "ROARING MEG" TO THE ROYAL PARTY.—WALKER'S MONUMENT IN THE BACKGROUND.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forestier



THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND: THE DUKE OF YORK REPLYING TO THE MAYOR OF LONDONDERRY IN THE GUILDHALL, LONDONDERRY.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forestier.

A LONE HAND.

By OWEN HALL.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.

out of the thicker wreaths of smoke that hung about the corners, in a tone of inquiry.

"Speakin' o' Dick; and don't you forget it!" was Bill's impressive rejoinder.

"Ah, I thought that was somewheres about yer lay, mate, and I ain't sure but what you're wrong neither."

All eyes were turned on the speaker, who, having thus expressed his dissent from what appeared to be the popular opinion of Goanner Flat in conclave assembled, emerged from his smoky covering far enough to secure his glass from the table, which he proceeded to drain slowly with an air of calm appreciation. For a few seconds nobody spoke,

QUEENSLAND BILL took his pipe slowly from his lips, and looked round the circle of the assembled company as he remarked: "Well, mates, come to that, I'm blowed if I can get his bearin's nohow." It was the first contribution Bill had made to the conversation at Bowler's that night, and it had nothing apparently to do with anything that had gone before it, but we were all pretty well used to Bill's way of introducing a new subject by that time, and waited patiently for something more. Bowler's, I may mention, was the very latest improvement at Iguana Flat (commonly known as "Goanner Flat"), a few miles beyond Southern Cross, on the West Australian gold-fields. It was a weather-board shanty, with no pretensions to architectural beauty; it boasted one door and two small windows, and it was labelled in rude black letters painted on the wall—"Bowler's Goanner Flat Hotel."

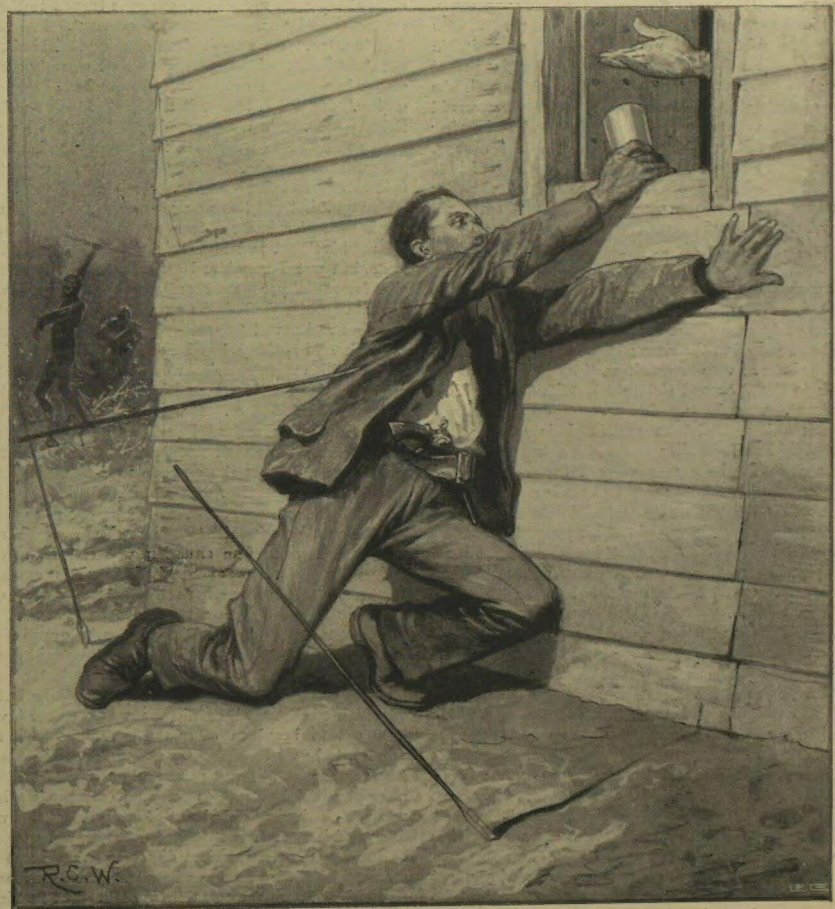
We were a young community at Goanner Flat, and we all felt that the enterprising Bowler had deserved well of the public when he imported the timber and put up the house of entertainment. It had become, therefore, almost a matter of honour to assemble every evening at Bowler's, and consume some of his more than questionable stock of liquor while we discussed the topics of the day. Goanner Flat was a very outlying spot, and as yet the population was scanty, so that, with very few exceptions, the score or so of rough-looking men whose figures loomed hazily through the clouds of tobacco smoke that night embraced the whole available population of what it was the local custom to call the new rush.

We waited respectfully for Bill, and he was by no means the sort of man to let a little circumstance like that hurry him. He took a leisurely survey of the party, as if to collect their opinions, or to allow his own to soak gradually into the general intelligence before he burdened us with anything further. It might have been because nobody had as yet developed any opinions on the subject alluded to, owing to ignorance of its precise nature, but certainly nobody seemed disposed to hazard any remark. Bill took several meditative draws at his pipe, and then, suddenly and without warning, brought his huge fist heavily down upon Bowler's rough table, to the serious danger of the glasses that reeled dizzily under the shock, observing as he did so, apparently in continuation of his former remark, "Wot I says, mates, is this here—'tain't nat'el, no, nor yet ship-shape neither, for a feller to keep his-self to his-self on this here flat, same as that chap do. Blowed if it is!"

The truth of the last statement was emphasised by the way in which Bill's voice rose to the occasion and rang hoarsely through the open rafters of the roof as if he had been hailing the maintop in a high wind. The company realised at last who it was that formed the subject of

Queensland Bill's outspoken criticism, and several nods indicated a certain amount of popular approval of his sentiments. There was a pause.

"Speaking of Dick, mate?" asked a voice which came



With a spring he leaped for the window-sill; and we stretched our hands to catch him.

even Bill seemed to be paralysed by the sudden appearance of this unlooked-for opposition, while the eyes of the company generally shifted expectantly from the face of the last speaker to his own. The silence was growing embarrassing, however, and Bill evidently felt that something was expected of him, so after the pause had continued for perhaps half a minute, he resumed, "Oh, ye ain't, ain't ye, mate? Well, for the matter o' that, I ain't sayin' but wot it's more 'n likely as you can tell us somethin' about Dick yerself."

This was a little weak, and there was an uncomfortable feeling abroad that Bill had scarcely risen to the occasion, which made us turn with all the more interest to his opponent. "No, mate," he replied quietly, "I'm free to allow as I can't do that neither, but what I says is as I don't see no harm in Dick myself, and if so be as he likes himself for company more 'n us, I ain't a-sayin' but what he's got a kind of right to please hisself. Goanner Flat's free, I s'pose, mate."

The energy of Dick's champion had its effect at once, and more than one of the party removed his pipe to remark, "That's so, mate!" Bill cast a look round the company with something of the air of tolerant disapproval with which a very large and slow mastiff looks at an assemblage of smaller dogs who are inclined to be noisy. "In course that's so," he rejoined, "an' nobody ain't sayin' nuthin' to the contrary—not as I knows on, leastways. But what I wants to know, mates, is this here: where's the good of a chap like that? He don't never help to make things pleasant, do he? He don't never look cheerful and ship-shape, do he? He don't never come here an' join us in a glass, same as a mate should as ain't got no reason to be ashamed for to show his figger-head, do he?"

Bill was getting on well, and apparently carrying his audience along with him, so it seemed the more to be regretted that he should have been cut short by the hasty opening of the door. This door gave entrance to the common room of the hotel direct from the outside, as the Goanner Flat house of entertainment boasted no halls of entrance or superfluous passages; and as, owing to some unavoidable weakness, it could only be opened with an effort and at some expense of creaking, it created a diversion which could hardly be overlooked. All eyes were instantly turned to see the cause of the interruption, and at the same moment the figure of a man emerged suddenly from the outer darkness into the smoky light of Bowler's public room. If any particular apparition had been summoned, with a special view to adding to the surprise with which the company was disposed to regard any interruption at that time and place, it must, to judge by the expression of the staring faces, and most of all of Bill's brick-coloured visage, have been the very one that presented itself.

There was nothing very startling about his appearance. Dressed in the ordinary costume prevalent on the flat, of a blue woollen shirt tucked in at the waist, of moleskin trousers of nondescript colour, and held in place by a stout leather belt, the new-comer at first sight looked much like the rest of the party. A glance at his face, however, would have indicated a difference. It was a face out of keeping with its surroundings—the face of a man not always, perhaps not very long, accustomed to the wearing of blue shirts and moleskins. The features were good, the eyes were quiet yet bright, the mouth was firm yet sensitive, the very hair and beard, though long and untrimmed, bore somehow an indefinite air of refinement—a gentleman's face.

There was barely time to notice these things at the moment, for the motions of the new arrival were rapid. He had scarcely pushed the door far enough open to admit him before he stood in the room; he was not a moment in the room before, with a quick motion, he had set his shoulder to the door and slammed it behind him with a quick report. Then he turned to us.

"Look out, mates!" he exclaimed in quick, clear tones, and with an intonation and accent altogether unlike those to which the hospitable walls of the Goanner Flat Hotel were accustomed, "they'll be here in a minute."

Most of us had risen to our feet in the involuntary excitement caused by the energy of his proceedings before he had uttered a word, but Bill sat, his glass in one hand and his pipe in the other, a look of blank surprise pervading his face. "Dick!" he exclaimed at last, "Dick! Well, I'm blowed!" For the moment, however, even Bill's astonishment at the opportune arrival on the scene of the very man he had been discussing excited little attention compared with the event itself. Dick himself was evidently out of breath, and it was only with an effort that he recovered the power to answer the question which came simultaneously from half-a-dozen quarters: "Why, mate, what's the shindy?"

Dick waved his hand with a warning gesture. "Stand back from the window, mates!" he exclaimed; "they can't be far off, and the light shows clear from the outside."

"And who the devil may they be?" said a voice, giving expression to the general curiosity.

"The niggers, mate—scores of them. Any of you got revolvers here?" and he looked round anxiously as he asked the question. The idea was too new to be accepted at once. "Niggers!" Nobody had ever heard of blacks in the district, and it seemed like a joke to be warned of

an attack. We looked at one another, and Bill burst into a hoarse laugh. "Niggers, mate? Well, I ain't sure as ever I heard tell of a better joke than that. Niggers and revolvers. Well, I'm blowed!"

The words had scarcely left Bill's lips, when the chuckling laugh that followed them was interrupted by a sound that rose with a strange, long, quavering note from the front of the house. It rose, quivered, and died away into the stillness of the night, only to be succeeded by another, and yet another, that reached us from different quarters. It was the answer to Bill's scornful appeal. We stood where we were and listened. Even Bill's hoarse laugh died into silence as every ear was strained to catch the long, shrill, piercing note of the native "coo-ee-ee," the immemorial signal of the Australian blacks.

Dick's question had received a new significance, and each of us looked the same question and got the same answer from his neighbour—there was not a revolver in the room. Firearms were rare among us, and nobody ever thought of carrying them about with him. At that moment the door which separated Bowler's into two unequal apartments was hastily opened, and Bowler himself joined us.

"Niggers!" he exclaimed, "and arter no good neither, by the howl o' them, mates. Who was that as just come in?" As he spoke his eye rested on Dick, and he knew. "Oh! you, mate, is it? Did ye see them?"

"Yes," said Dick shortly. "They've speared Bendigo Joe. Have you got anything to block the window?" The suggestion was acted on without a moment's delay. Everyone but Bill now seemed to share Bowler's opinion, but Bill sat, silent indeed, but unconvinced, smoking his pipe and glancing superciliously at the preparations.

Some minutes passed, during which the lower part of the window had been barricaded, and nothing had happened. The cries that had sounded so wild and threatening had not been repeated, and although we listened eagerly there was not a sound. Bowler was the first to speak—

"Speared Bendigo Joe, did they, mate?" he said, Dick looked at him and nodded.

"Speared be blowed!" said Bill, swallowing the last of his grog with a contemptuous toss, and setting the glass again on the table with a bang. "Tell that to the marines, says I. Speared be damned!"

As the last growling word passed Bill's lips, something flashed quickly through the blue wreaths of smoke. There was a sharp knock at the door, and a jarring blow struck the table, followed by the sharp ring of glass. Something stood quivering in the middle of the rough boarded table among the empty tumblers, and a bright point protruded some inches on the inner side of the door.

II.

"Ah!" The quick exclamation broke from half a dozen of us at the same moment as our eyes turned to the table or the door by an involuntary movement. Bill was the first to move. He rose deliberately, and laid his hand on the slender shaft of the spear which had scarcely ceased to quiver in the board not two feet from where he had been sitting. He shook it, but it remained firmly fixed where it had stuck. Then he turned and took two long steps across the floor to where Dick was standing, holding out his great hand as he did so. "Right you was, mate," he said slowly and impressively. "Right you was! Nor I ain't sayin' but wot I was wrong neither." Dick gave him his hand and submitted to a mighty shake. Then Bill cleared his throat and resumed: "No more I ain't sayin', mate, but wot I may have been wrong in findin' fault wi' you for sailin' yer own course, so to speak, and walkin' yer own quarter-deck, in a manner o' sayin'. Leastways, this here makes up!"

Dick said nothing, but I thought as I looked that the corners of his mouth worked a little, and I fancied his eyes grew less bright than they had been as he looked for a moment into Bill's face. It was Bowler himself that broke in. "Look here, mates," he said in a business-like tone, "seems to me there ain't no doubt as them's spears, and where there's spears it stands to reason as niggers ain't fur off. It's about time we was thinkin' what's best to be done."

The question gave rise to a discussion in which several voices took part. The situation was felt to be critical owing to the want of civilised weapons among us. Bowler himself was perhaps the best authority on the subject, as he had been a trooper in the mounted police in the north-western districts, but nearly everybody had an opinion. Some proposed to wait for daylight and then sally out in a body and rush the enemy, but, after discussion, this idea was abandoned by everybody but Bill, who insisted that "where niggers was consarned ye had only got to board to carry the craft." The situation was felt to be a critical one, for although we were sheltered for the time, and it was perhaps hardly likely that any attempt would be made to force an entrance, we had no means of letting anybody know of our position, and we had few provisions, and, as it turned out, no water with which to stand a siege. This last discovery came home to us quickly, for the weather was hot already and we found the discussion of our prospects thirsty work. The first inquiry for water disclosed the fact that it was perhaps the most scarce of all ordinary beverages in the stock of the Goanner Flat Hotel. We looked at one another, and each of us read

in his neighbour's face how seriously the discovery affected our prospects. Food we might do without for days, but water we must have before long. Everybody felt this, but nobody put it into words, only Bill growled in a half whisper, "Leastways, it's a thunderin' good job as they're on'y niggers."

There were no more cries after the first, though I suppose most of us listened for them through the night. No more spears came to tell of the presence of the enemy, but they were not needed to remind us of that. Bowler had managed to pull the one out of the table, but it stood against the wall, and through the long hours of waiting each of us intercepted the glances of his companions many a time moving furtively to the bright point that stood threateningly out of the panel of the door. Bowler, indeed, rose to the occasion, and invited the company generally to call for what they liked to drink, but after the very first the invitation was hardly responded to. The sight of the whisky we could have for the asking seemed to suggest unpleasantly the water that couldn't be had for any price, and the glasses stood on the table neglected, while the more philosophical of the party smoked, and the more nervous let their pipes go out, while they listened for every sound.

The hours of darkness ebbed slowly away. Once or twice a faint sound reached us, but it might only have been the sound of the night-breeze stealing through the broken pane where the spear had come in. Some of us nodded in our seats, starting uneasily from time to time at some fancied noise; while a few, of whom Bill was one, smoked steadily on. I must have dozed off myself, for when I awoke with a sudden start there was daylight in the room. It was feeble at first, and showed bluish grey through the heavy clouds of tobacco-smoke that hung low over the place, but already the single lamp which Dick had left alight looked pale and smoky, and the faces in the room had about them the pale, livid colouring of the remorseless dawn. I moved uneasily, and in doing so caught Bill's eye. "Most time we was a-movin', mate," he said, removing his pipe from his lips; "then niggers, if so be as how they was niggers, arter all, are like as not to be a-doin' o' suthin' carly."

Bill rose from his chair as he spoke, laid his pipe on the table, and walked deliberately to the door. Before it dawned upon me what he meant to do he had turned the key in the lock, and with a single motion of his arm had wrenched it open almost to the wall. "Hold hard there, mate!" exclaimed Bowler. "I reckon there's more spears where that one come from."

"Spears be blowed!" said Bill, glancing contemptuously at the slender shaft standing out stiffly from the door. "It's about time we was a-layin' them chaps aboard if so be we means to get to work this mornin'." As we looked through the open doorway there was no sign of life to be seen in the grey morning light that lay cold and a little misty on the flat. But for the evidence of the spear it would have been no easy matter to believe in the visit of the marauding blacks. The flat, with its scanty sprinkling of huts, and the signs of shallow workings that seemed it here and there, lay peacefully on the slightly lower level in front of the low ridge on which Bowler had built his public-house. There was absolutely nothing to indicate danger. Bill shaded his eyes with his great open hand for a few moments, as he glanced from point to point, then he turned to Dick, who was standing a few feet behind him, with the half-contemptuous question: "Well, mate, it don't seem as if there were many niggers hereabouts now, do it?"

A quiet look that was almost a smile passed over Dick's face. "No," he said, "but I wouldn't be too sure about it even now, mate, if I were you."

Bill vouchsafed no reply directly, but looking round he made the general remark, "I think I heerd somebody say as how Bendigo Joe had been speared. Seems to me, mates, we'd best have a look." It was strange, indeed, but it was true, that we had till that moment forgotten Bendigo Joe. Dick had assured us last night that he had been killed, and the apparition of the native spears had left no doubt in any of our minds of the truth of the statement; yet for the moment Bill's appeal roused the feeling that we had neglected a mate. A dozen eyes were turned on Dick. "Don't risk anything on Joe's account," he said. "He's gone, right enough. It was Joe that told me to warn you."

"Whereabouts, mate?" said Bowler.

"Down by the hut, this side of Sam's hole," was the reply.

"Come, mates," said Bill, looking round the half circle of faces, "tain't more 'n a step to Sam's hole. Who's comin' along o' me to see for themselves?"

There was a general stir, such as precedes a sudden movement, when Dick said quietly, "Don't risk it, mates; it isn't worth it." The men hesitated, and Bill turned angrily to Dick. "Who was askin' of you, mate? I can't say—not rightly—as I expected you to jine!" Dick's face flushed slightly, but he said nothing, and in another moment Bill's burly figure was clear of the shelter of the house, as he went down the slope with huge strides towards Sam's hole.

His movement had been so sudden that he had taken by surprise several who would have accompanied him, and left them behind. More than one went a few steps, and then halted doubtfully, and stood looking after Bill's tall figure. "Hold hard a minute, I say, mates!" Bowler

shouted; "one's enough if there's any of them niggers about, and a dozen won't do much for Bendigo Joe, I'm thinkin', by now."

The logic was irresistible, and we clustered round the door waiting for what might happen.

It wasn't two hundred yards to Sam's hole, so it was only an affair of minutes. We watched Bill as he went, and there wasn't one of us but felt a flush rise to his cheek as we saw him throw a careless glance over his shoulder. It was too late now, anyhow, so we only waited.

We saw him reach the hut at Sam's hole without interruption, and somebody exclaimed, "They're gone,

exclamation as we watched Bill come up the slope at a pace such as none of us would have given him credit for. It looked like it, too. One or two spears had been thrown, but as both the throwers and the mark were in rapid motion none of them did any harm. He was less than a hundred yards off now, and we were just going to raise a cheer to welcome his escape when, as it appeared, almost at his feet, there rose from the low scrub that seemed hardly thick or tall enough to shelter a dog the black lithe forms of five or six natives, spear in hand. For an instant Bill swerved, as if in the hope of passing them, but then, like a flash, he bounded straight among them. There was

straight to the spot where Bill was still running, though feebly and with uncertain steps. The three blacks still left of the party who had thrown themselves in Bill's way hesitated, then hurled their remaining spears with uncertain aim, and instantly darted off in different directions. The others seemed for a moment to hesitate, and by common consent we raised a shout and rushed forward. Then they stopped, as if to see what we would do.

By the time we reached him Bill wasn't more than forty yards from the house, and as the first of us came up he seemed to stretch out his hands blindly in front of him and stagger forward. At the same moment Bowler



"Here you are, mate," Dick said in a husky voice; "here's the water."

right enough!" He had scarcely said the words when, from somewhere on the flat among the claims, where the grey morning mist still lingered in the bottoms and little hollows, there rose once more the shrill wailing cry of the native "coo-ee-ee." We started with an involuntary cry at the sound, and as we did so the same wild call came from the right out of the little hollow, where, a month ago, there had been a rushing creek, now turned into a few pools that lingered under the shade of the scattered mimosa trees and little clumps of bushes. Bill had heard too, for the next instant he appeared from behind Sam's hut and started at a run up the slope. Behind him we could see the figures of the blacks, bounding across the open ground spear in hand, looking like imps of darkness as they ran and leaped at a pace that was dazzling.

"He'll do it all right enough!" was our involuntary

exclamation as we watched Bill come up the slope at a pace such as none of us would have given him credit for. It looked like it, too. One or two spears had been thrown, but as both the throwers and the mark were in rapid motion none of them did any harm. He was less than a hundred yards off now, and we were just going to raise a cheer to welcome his escape when, as it appeared, almost at his feet, there rose from the low scrub that seemed hardly thick or tall enough to shelter a dog the black lithe forms of five or six natives, spear in hand. For an instant Bill swerved, as if in the hope of passing them, but then, like a flash, he bounded straight among them. There was

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shouted, "Quick, mates, quick! Bring him in before they cut ye off!" and Bill fell forward on his face. Four of us picked him up and carried him in. One or two spears fell near us, but nobody was hit, and we didn't know till after that Dick had run forward and thrown the spear he carried among them, drawing most of their spears towards himself.

We got Bill into the house at last and laid him on the floor. In another minute the door had been shut, and we stood in a ring looking down at his unconscious face. He opened his eyes suddenly, and returned our looks stupidly for a moment. Then the light came back to his eyes. "Where's Dick?" he asked complainingly. "Back and me's the only two men among ye, ye lubbers!" Dick stepped forward, and their eyes met. "That you, mate? Well, I ain't above sayin' but wot I was wrong neither. You're a man, you are, anyhow, an' no mistake!" Bill

paused; then, in feebler tones, he added, "Water, mate—got us a drop of water, will ye?"

Dick looked in his face. "I will, mate," he said, as he turned away.

III.

"There ain't a drop of water in the place, mate." It was Bowler himself that said so in a low voice, and with a new respect in his way of addressing Dick as he turned away.

"I know," said Dick shortly; "got a billy anywhere handy?"

"A billy, mate? Yes, but what for?"

"To get the water in," Dick said quietly.

Bowler stared at him for some seconds without a word. "Water in?" he repeated stupidly. "No, ye don't, mate. It's more than your life's worth to try it."

Dick looked him full in the face for an instant, and Bowler gave a start. "And what's the odds if it is, Bowler?" he said in a low tone.

"My God!" was all Bowler answered, as he looked with a strange fixed stare into Dick's face. "Get the billy, Bowler, will you?" Dick said, in the same quiet level tone. Bowler turned away into the smaller room without another word.

I had seen and heard it all, and it was with a curious cold feeling down my spine that I looked at Dick. I had seen him day after day at his solitary work, and had only thought him queer and unsociable. As I looked at him now I knew I had been wrong. Dick was a man with a story, and Bowler knew what it was. I had known in a vague, indifferent way, too, that he was different from the rest of the diggers on the flat; now, as I looked at him, I seemed to see something new. He looked the same, and yet he looked different. There was a new light in his quiet eyes, a new expression about his mouth. It was the face of a man who had been looking for something for a long time and had found it at last. Nobody but myself had heard what had been said; nobody else took any notice of Dick. He waited quietly; his eyes, with a kind of satisfied expression in them that was almost a smile, fixed on the far corner of the room where the smoke still lingered, till Bowler came back. When he opened the inner door, Dick made a motion with his hand to stop him, and stepped over to meet him.

"Ye can't do it, Sir," I heard Bowler say under his breath.

"I'll try," was the short answer, in the same undertone. Then he glanced round and saw me. I obeyed the look in his eyes and stepped to his side. "I'm going for water for Bill, mate," he whispered; "don't let the others know."

"You're safe to be speared, man," I said eagerly.

"It's likely enough, mate," and I fancied he smiled, "anyhow, I promised Bill, and I think I'll see it through."

Involuntarily I glanced round to where Bill lay on the floor, the centre of the ring of faces that watched him. Some of them had slipped off their shirts to make a pillow for his head. He lay with his eyes closed, but his lips moved convulsively, and they seemed to whisper the word "Water." I turned back quickly to Dick—he had passed through the door into Bowler's inner room and disappeared.

I waited for him to come out that I might point out how useless it was to throw away his life for the fancy of a man as near death as Bill seemed to be. I waited, but he didn't come. Had he given up the mad idea of his own accord, I wondered, or was Bowler trying to persuade him? Bowler evidently knew him. I would have given something to be present, but somehow I didn't like to go to the door. Like the rest, I watched Bill. The old sailor had got his death-blow. His great limbs lay helplessly on the rough floor; his hands worked convulsively, as they lay beside him; his vast chest heaved with a slow labouring motion. From time to time he muttered to himself—generally the word "Water," but sometimes it seemed to be "Dick." The two ideas were evidently mixed up in his mind.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.—ON THE WAY TO VALENTIA: A WELCOME BY PEASANT GIRLS.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forester.

I grew impatient, and at last I laid my hand on the handle of the inner door. I opened it quietly and looked in. Bowler was alone in the room. He hadn't heard me open the door. One glance showed me what had been done. The things that had been used to barricade the window had been taken down, and the window itself was open. Bowler was leaning partly out of it, watching something outside. I stepped to the window and looked over his shoulder. This window faced to the back of the house, and looked towards the little hollow where the stream had run, and where the pools still lingered in places from which the camp procured its water. The idea had been a good one, and as I looked out I thought it was going to succeed. The blacks had been drawn to the front of the house in pursuit of Bill, and Dick had crept unseen

He waved it back with a slight gesture of his hand as he said in a husky whisper, "Ye got it then, mate? Right ye was! I ain't a-sayin' as I holds w' yer unsociable ways, neither, but wot I says is that ye're a man." Bill paused, his eyes grew dim and partly closed. Suddenly, as we looked, the light flickered back once more, and he finished his last sentence in a stronger voice—"Blowed if ye ain't!"

We waited for a few seconds, and then the hands that had lifted Bill laid him gently down. Bill had expressed his last opinion, and it had been as emphatic as ever.

"Pull my bed down from the window," Bowler said as he lifted Dick in his arms. In an instant the principal defence of the window was removed and laid on the floor, and Dick had been laid tenderly on the couch. He opened his eyes and looked up into the circle of eager faces that gazed, full of sympathy and admiration, into his own. Then for the first time I saw Dick smile.

"Bowler," he said, with a feeble motion of his hand to his breast, "it's here!" Bowler, who was kneeling on one knee by his side, felt at his throat and drew out a little case suspended from a chain. Dick's eyes told Bowler to open it. It was a woman's face—young, smiling, refined—the face of a lady. With a sort of groan, Bowler exclaimed, "Miss Margaret!" The smile seemed to deepen on Dick's face somehow at the name.

"You'll see she gets it, Bowler," he whispered softly, "and you'll tell her." The smile on his face grew brighter yet; his eyes sparkled as they seemed to see something or somebody far away. Dick made an eager effort to rise, and then sank gently back again; and there he lay with that look on his face, all but the eyes—the light had gone out of the eyes for ever.

We stood and stared at him stupidly, till at last somebody drew a long breath and said in a low tone, "Who was he, Bowler? You knew him."

Bowler looked first at the picture in his hand and then at the face on the bed. "Did ye ever hear tell of the Garoopa murder, mates, and Mr. Seymour that was tried three times, and the juries couldn't agree?"

"What, him as the Judge said ought to have been hanged, if ever a man was?"

"Yes," said Bowler slowly. "Well, that was Dick!"

THE END.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND: CROSSING OVER TO VALENTIA ISLAND.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forester.

THE DUCHESS OF YORK IN THE STEAM-LAUNCH; THE DUKE OF YORK IN A ROWING-BOT: GALE BLOWING.

down the hill to the water-hole. Now he was creeping back again.

Step by step, his body bent low, his eyes glancing quickly from side to side, the tin billy in his hand, he was half way back again already. Suddenly he straightened himself up, and with a quick spring forward began to run



THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK PASSING THE ALBERT MEMORIAL IN BELFAST.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forestier.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Some years ago there appeared in *Harper's Magazine* a very charmingly told story, which detailed the fate of a young American who met his death by falling into a crevasse in a Swiss glacier. He was accompanied by his wife, and, if I remember rightly, the occasion of this visit to Switzerland was their honeymoon trip. The grief of the young bride was depicted with vivid reality, and the only comfort she received was at the hands of an old Professor who was studying glacier-motion at the scene of the accident. He assured the widow that the glacier would bring down its dead, and the story proceeded to the effect that, some forty years afterwards, the Professor's son, who had been charged by his father with the task of verifying the transporting power of the glacier, meets the widow, now old and grey, at a given time in the Swiss valley. They wait patiently, and finally, in the shifting ice, they find the body of the husband, preserved in all the freshness of youth in its icy tomb. The dramatic power of the story, and the incident of the old woman looking on the unchanged body of her young husband, made a deep impression on my mind. As one knows that, in the slow march of the ice-river, lost objects, including the bodies of those who have perished in its depths, are often discovered at the glacier's terminus, the incidents related may well have been founded on a basis of fact.

Most of my readers will doubtless have already drawn a parallel between the story in *Harper's* and the account lately given by the *Daily News*, wherein a graphic description appeared of the discovery of the body of Captain Henry Arkwright, who perished on Mont Blanc on Oct. 13, 1866. For thirty-one years the body has remained within its icy tomb, and the discovery was made some 9000 feet below the scene of the accident. The progress of the ice downwards must therefore have taken place at the rate of about 260 feet per year. The scene of the discovery was the lower part of the Glacier des Bossons, Silvani Conttet, who accompanied Captain Arkwright's party—other three lives being lost on the occasion of the accident—is still alive, living in Chamounix, and described as an old man and paralysed. How closely the story I have quoted would be followed if Conttet had had the opportunity of gazing upon the mortal remains of Captain Arkwright, can easily be realised.

I have been glancing anew at that most fascinating of books, Tyndall's "Forms of Water," wherein he details, in language always charming and often poetic, the whole history of the glaciers. Tyndall, speaking of the fact that the glaciers move and transport objects which they have engulfed, says: "At the head of the Grand Plateau, and at the foot of the final slope of Mont Blanc, I could show you a great crevasse into which three guides were forced by an avalanche in the year 1820. Is this language correct?" Our author continues: "A crevasse hardly to be distinguished from the present one undoubtedly existed here in 1820. But was it the identical crevasse now existing? By no means. How is this proved? By the fact that more than forty years after their interment the remains of those three guides were found near the end of the Glacier des Bossons, many miles below the existing crevasse." It may be, therefore, that the spot where Captain Arkwright's body was found also represents the scene of the discovery of the bodies of the three guides, and that the trend of the glacier-motion, like the swirling eddy in a river, carries its buried objects to the place indicated.

The tomato and cancer scare has been upon us again—another product of the silly season. Why anybody should imagine that a perfectly sound and excellent fruit should have the power of causing cancer; I know not. Yet the myth reappears with a persistence worthy of a better cause. Needless to remark, nobody knows what causes cancer; to assert that tomatoes may induce it, is to make a statement for which not an iota of evidence or proof can possibly

be forthcoming. I am informed that this periodical scare does a vast amount of injury to the trade in tomatoes, which, however, gradually revives when the scare has become a thing of the past. It would be extremely interesting to ascertain who is responsible for the regular revival of this absurd myth.

Another ghost story—this time from a farm in Lincolnshire. Noises and knockings are heard immediately after Lady Day last, on which date the new tenants entered into possession of the premises, situated near Spilsby. Then the wife of the tenant saw "something" in the shape of an apparition of an old man. Finally, the floor in the sitting-room being uneven, some bricks were taken up to further the work of properly relaying the surface. A bad odour was at once perceptible, and on turning over the soil some bones were found, a gold ring, and some

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Nottingham Church Congress is likely to be well attended, but there is difficulty about providing hospitality for all who are seeking it. A Church paper reasonably remarks that while the speakers have a claim to hospitality, and while some might be unable to attend the Congress unless it were given, it is difficult to see why every member should think himself at liberty to ask for free board and lodging if he pleases. There are very many who might and should provide for themselves.

The Dean of Peterborough writes that the restoration of the north gable of the west front of Peterborough Cathedral is now completed. It is satisfactory to find that out of 2006 facing stones 1836 have been put back into their original positions, a result which fully justifies the committee in the action they have taken. The central and southern gables, portions of which are in a very dangerous condition, are now to be dealt with, but for the completion of the work funds are urgently needed.

The futile rising in Uganda seems to have been of little importance, and to have had no religious significance.

A leading Evangelical paper does not approve of the action of these parishioners in Clifton who were in a position to reduce the vicar's stipend by some £200 a year, and were prepared to do so if the black gown were no longer used in the pulpit. He thinks that the incident is not wholly favourable to the cause of Church reform.

The S.P.G. has already allotted over £70,000 of the money left by the late Mr. Marriott. The applications were enormously in excess of the sum to be distributed. The money placed at the disposal of the Archbishop of York has also become available. It is to be spent in the erecting of churches in the poorest and most thickly populated districts of the diocese, and in helping hospitals, refuges, and societies for the assistance of the fallen of either sex.

The *Church Monthly*, a penny magazine for localisation, has completed its tenth year. It has had almost a unique experience, as every month has registered a continuous increase in the circulation.

The Rev. E. A. Lytton, well known as the author of an able book on the Church of Christ, has passed away at an advanced age. He was a great figure in the Evangelical section of the Church for many years, and in his time was Examining Chaplain to Bishops Longley, Villiers, and Baring, of Durham.

The Rev. Frederic Fitch, late Vicar of Cromer, has died of heart disease in his seventy-ninth year. He was fifty-three years in the parish, and his tact, sweetness of temper, and large-hearted charity secured for him the respect and regard of those from whom he differed—both Churchmen and Nonconformists. Mr. Fitch's warm devotion to the cause of foreign missions was indicated by the ungrudging gift of a son and a daughter to the service in connection with the C.M.S. Both of these are now dead.

Dr. Bernard, of Trinity College, Dublin, has withdrawn his name from the candidature for the Bishopric of Meath, and another gentleman has been appointed. It is to be regretted that the Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, have been shut out from the Bishoprics of the Irish Church since Disestablishment, and with a few exceptions the men appointed have been little known outside Ireland.

A monument to Bishop Reinikens has been erected in the old graveyard at Bonn.

The Bishop of Lincoln has been giving a somewhat optimistic view of the progress of society. He says that real progress has been made in whole classes of our people. There has been a great increase of care in personal religion. There are not a few in all classes among the highest and among our citizens, railway men, and agricultural poor who are living what we might call saintly lives. V.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.—GARDEN-PARTY AT BARON'S COURT: PRESENTATION UNDER THE PORTICO.

Drawn by our Special Artist, M. A. Forester.

pieces of old black silk. All these things, it is added, had evidently been burned in quicklime, the bones and silk showing, it is said, evidences of its corrosive action.

The bones, however, seem to have puzzled the local doctor. At first he is reported to have said they might be those of a dog or a pig; then, latterly, "on further examination," they are declared to be "undoubtedly human," and "to be nearly a hundred years old." I should like to hear the opinion of a professed anatomist regarding the bones, and as to their age, I fail to see how the doctor could possibly have found evidence which enabled him to fix that item at a century. Again, if the bones and the bits of old silk were all that remained of the supposed victim of a tragedy, whence the origin of the "most disagreeable odour"? Old bones give off no odour, and quicklime is an excellent disinfectant. Besides, what is the supposed connection betwixt the vision of the old man on the stairs and the finding of the bony relics? There is evidently fine material for cross-examination in this ghost story, and I sincerely hope someone will play the part of cross-examining counsel.



A SIESTA: GROUP OF LION CUBS FROM THE KHEDIVÉ'S COLLECTION OF WILD ANIMALS.

THE KHEDIVÉ'S WILD ANIMALS AT LIVERPOOL.

The Khedive's collection of wild animals which arrived in Liverpool lately have all been transported to their new quarters. The work of removing the ponderous creatures from their huge cages was not an easy matter, and was attended with great risk. The creatures seemed dumbfounded by their strange environment, quietly gazing around without making any sign of resistance. The stock consists of twenty-four lions and lionesses (four splendid adult males and five adult females, a male and two females three parts grown, three beautiful females nearly adult, a group of two males and two females about one year old, a second male and two females over half grown). Two of the females will have young shortly, and one gave birth to twins on board the steamer that brought them over. These two babies are a pair of pretty creatures, and have the run of Mr. Cross's office during the day, and at night are sent to his private house to play with the cat and

dog, of which they are very fond. The remainder of the collection consists of a pair of giant ostriches, a very large jet-black panther, three ordinary panthers, three young panthers, two spotted hyenas, one striped hyena, a royal Bengal tiger, and a few smaller animals.

The whole of the collection was purchased by the well-known naturalist, Mr. William Cross, of Liverpool. Such a collection of imported lions has never reached our shores before, and Mr. Cross considers himself very fortunate in securing such a valuable consignment. Strange to say, in all the zoological gardens in Great Britain it would be a very difficult matter to find one imported Barbary lion, and the reason is that the race has been allowed to degenerate until, having no new blood, the animals are born partly cripples—some affected in the head, others in the eyes, and some eking out a miserable existence. It is a well-known fact that lions have been kept for twenty-five years—say, a pair—and their progeny crossed and crossed until there is no lion left in them. This can easily be seen by any ordinary person with close

observation. To show the value of an adult black-maned lion, it may be mentioned that a short time back a purchaser paid £300 for one. The Continental gardens have bought several adult animals from Mr. Cross for stud purposes within the last few years, as they never allow their stock to decrease. They breed freely in Europe; and the young animals soon pay for the first expense; as in the case of cattle and other stock, which fetch such fabulous prices for export to America.

Seven more lions have been purchased and added to the collection since the arrival of the Khedive's pets, making with the babies over thirty. The amount of food these animals consume daily is two horses, besides butcher's meat. All the horses are slaughtered on the premises, and a qualified "vet." examines every carcass before it passes to the animal-house. The site of the lions' prison-house is easily known, for the roaring of the animals may be heard for half a mile. Few people pay a visit to Liverpool without inspecting Mr. Cross's interesting zoological collection, to which curious stock is added almost daily.



BLACK PANTHER, OR LEOPARD (MALE), FROM THE KHEDIVÉ'S COLLECTION OF WILD ANIMALS.



FRENCH SOLDIERS VISITING THE RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF KARNAK, EGYPT, 1798.

After the Picture by G. Clairin, in the Champs-Élysées Salon, Paris.

LITERATURE.

GEORGE DU MAURIER'S LAST BOOK.

The Martian (Harper and Brothers), like "Peter Ibbetson" and "Tilbury," is an amazing medley of strange imaginings. Of plot there is none; the love story is even sketchier than in the two earlier books; nor is there quite so much incident as before. The place taken by dream-trysts in the first book, and by hypnotic song in the second, is now occupied by inter-planetary reincarnations. Martia, who had first of all gone through countless incarnations, from the lowest form to the highest, "in the cold and dreary planet we call Mars, the outermost of the four inhabited worlds of our system, where the sun was no bigger than an orange," and where man was amphibious and descended from "a small animal that seems to be something between our seal and our sea-lion"—this surprising Martia was shot to our earth in a shower of shooting stars about a hundred years ago. According to Martia, most of the best and finest of our race have souls that once lived forgotten lives in Mars, the Martians having the power, and hastening on their arrival here, to incarnate themselves "in as promising unborn though just begotten men and women as they find." Martia herself arrived on earth first, lodged herself in the brains and bodies of birds, beasts, fishes, and insects, revelling in the open air for ten years without the slightest inconvenience to the beings she inhabited—"now a worm, now a porpoise, now a seagull or a dragon-fly, now some fleet-footed quadruped that did not live by slaying, for she had a horror of bloodshed." Then she took to man, and inhabited men, women, and children, finally settling herself "among the best and healthiest English she could find"; and that was how she became acquainted with Lord Runswick, and played so important a part in the life of his son, borne him by Antoinette Josselin, the singer, Barty Josselin, the hero of this book. She brought him from poverty to success, saving him, first of all, from suicide, by the letters she wrote to him, always in his own handwriting; and it was by her inspiration that he produced the "Sardonyx: Notes in a Moonbeam," and the other masterpieces which are lightly alluded to by his biographer as having made his name a household word throughout the civilised world. Finally, after Barty's happy marriage with Leah Gibson, Martia decides to be born as their seventh child; who, accordingly, is called by that name, so that the short of it, Marty, may rhyme with Barty—such is one of the whims by which this serio-comic, yet all the time serious, book is filled. When she is still in her teens, the child, who is unaware of her multitudinous incarnations in another planet, falls from a tree; and that little fall is enough to end her life, all ancestral adventures with shooting stars notwithstanding. Her father, Barty Josselin, dies on the same day, and his adored wife is dead upon the morrow. That is the story. It is now all told, and yet it all remains to tell. For the delight of the book is in Mr. Du Maurier's own handling of it, and in those endless digressions, many of them autobiographical, of which one may almost say it mainly consists. Indeed, Martia here. If does not appear till the book is half done—a book which we may safely sum up for Du Mauriers by saying that it is certain to find friends wherever "Tilbury" did, though not all lovers of "Peter Ibbetson" will concede to "The Martian" the high homage they refused also to the ever-popular "Tilbury."

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

With Plumes on Matabeleland. By Frank W. Sykes. With sketches by the Author and others. (A. Constable and Co.)
The Story of an African Cycle. By Edmund Garrett and E. J. Edwards. (A. Constable and Co.)
The Music of the Poets: A Musician's Birthday Book. Compiled by Eleonore d'Esterre-Keeling. (Walter Scott, Ltd.)

The story of the expedition against the Matabele on the outbreak of the rebellion of 1896 has been already told by the commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Plumer. But this only from the military standpoint; and supplementing that narrative, Mr. Frank W. Sykes, who served as a trooper in the brief campaign, endeavours "to depict the life of the rank-and-file of the Relief Corps," as it presented itself throughout. Mr. Sykes strips war of its traditional "pomp and circumstance," so that he may deduce therefrom a moral for the civilian "seized with military ardour." Rapidly reciting the courses of a rebellion attended with ferocious massacre of womenfolk and children, he shows how the simulated submission of the Matabele veiled the real state of affairs. The dying behest of their great chief, Lobengula, to "wait the opportunity," rang in their ears, and when the M'limo, or witch-doctors, whose credit had risen vastly through prediction of the ripest, told them that the hour of vengeance had come, they rose as one man to "wash their spears" in the white man's blood. The hard task of dislodging them from their native fastnesses is vividly told by Mr. Sykes; throughout the book he carries us into the heart of the fighting, albeit pausing now and again to describe with what manner

of men the struggle was waged. They were no hirelings who fell in the victory over barbarism, and it is to be hoped that the help for the bereaved for which Mr. Sykes pleads will be liberally given.

Mr. Garrett's brilliant contributions in the old days to both the *Pall Mall* and the *Westminster* are fresh in many



LE PÈRE POLYPHÈME.

From the late George Du Maurier's Novel, "The Martian."

memories; and that his pen has lost nothing of its cunning has proof in this sprightly story of the Johannesburg Revolt and the Jameson Raid. The substance of the present book appeared in the columns of the *Cape Times*, now edited by Mr. Garrett, and as that paper is not on our daily breakfast table, the reprint is welcome, and the more so as the story is "told with the assistance of the leading actors in the drama." Politics have no place in these columns, but party feeling should readily detach itself in forming judgment on acts fraught with momentous consequences

it is addressed to "Dear Thackeray." Charlotte Brontë corresponded on intimate terms for many years with Mr. Williams. She visited him in his family circle, and, it is clear, felt a considerable regard for him, but she never got further than "My dear Sir" in correspondence. Is it at all probable that the shy, demure little woman would have got to the point of "Dear Thackeray" with a man of whom, while she revered him profoundly, she clearly was very much afraid? There are three or four equally good reasons for my conviction that this letter is a forgery, but one is enough here. There are, it may be added, many forged letters of Miss Brontë about, as also of Shelley and of Byron.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leighton, well known through their literary association with the *Daily Mail* and other of Mr. Alfred Harmsworth's newspaper properties, are about to publish a novel of sensation under the title of "Convict 99."

Dr. Robertson Nicoll will publish next month a volume of devotional verse, some of which has already appeared in one or other of the journals under his control.

The *Academy* records in pleasant fashion the fact of a tablet having been placed in Kelloe Church, Durham, to the memory of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, with an inscription to the effect that she was born at Coxhoe Hall, in that parish, on March 6, 1806. This settles the question, which has been the subject of much controversy, as to the birthplace and date of birth of Mrs. Browning. It comes, however, at a time when people are ceasing to be very much interested in that lady; it never was of much importance where Mrs. Browning was born, or when. Judging by the declining interest in her always overrated work, in a few years' time it will be of no importance whatever.

Mr. H. G. Wells is engaged on a new novel bearing the title, "The Sleeper Awakens." The story is yet a further attempt to deal with the subject of Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward" and William Morris's "News from Nowhere." It will show us life in England a hundred years hence. C. K. S.



"YOU ASKED ME WHY I LOOKED SO PALE?"

From "The Juction."

to the common weal, and so far as effects can be measured, this "strange adventure of the century," as Mr. Garrett calls Dr. Jameson's Raid, has aggravated the ills which it sought to cure, and made the cohesion of stranger races a more difficult task than ever. The excellent portraits which the book contains include those of Mr. Rhodes and President Kruger.

We welcome another edition of Miss Eleonore d'Esterre-Keeling's admirably compiled musician's birthday book, "The Music of the Poets," which has been enriched by the addition of over five hundred new names.

THE SWEDISH JUBILEE.

Oscar II., sailor-king, scholar-king, poet-king, artist-king, celebrates his jubilee this week, having succeeded Charles XV. Sept. 18, 1872. Oscar of Sweden is of Viking

"freedom" in the Chancery sense, characterises the Court of King Oscar. His Majesty places his accomplishments and his favour at the service of the nation. Access to his audience chamber is free to the humblest peasant, and every reception day King

varied interest in the life of his kingdom, social as well as political, has won for King Oscar considerable personal popularity with his Swedish subjects, but in Norway his name commands less enthusiasm. His main fault in the eyes of his Norwegian critics would appear to be that he is



THE KING OF SWEDEN.



THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN.



THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN.

type, though of sea-robbers among his forefathers he had none. The one great moment of his life was when he found himself at the head of a combined Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish fleet during the Crimean War. He was Prince Oscar only at the time, full of youth and fire, and he found it hard to forgive his brother and predecessor on the throne, Charles XV., who would not let him join in the attack against Russia and have at least a chance of recapturing the province of Finland, the loss of which has left Sweden in a state of rage even up to the present day. He had one more opportunity that of 1864—when

he thought he might be allowed to take the Swedish and Norwegian squadron under his command to the aid of the Danes. Permission was withheld, and now a crown, advancing years, and many other things prevent there being any possibility of the desire of his heart being fulfilled. Now he must perforce content himself with penning poems of the sea, inditing tales of



PRINCE OSCAR OF SWEDEN.

the sea, and preparing certain very useful technical works on naval matters which have received the compliment of being translated into various languages. To King Oscar, also, is credit due for having brought the Swedish navy to a very high state of perfection, while the large sums voted for the maritime defences of the kingdom have been wisely spent.

The Swedish Court is one of the most brilliant in Europe, although it cannot, as has been done, be described with perfect accuracy as "Parisian." The abundant wit, the feeling for art, and for all that enriches life and makes it better, are all of a more serious cast than is known to the French people. A wonderful freedom, however,

Oscar hears the suit of some son of the soil, who may have trudged weary leagues to crave a boon of his Sovereign. The King moves freely about the streets, and encourages strangers to speak to him, his greeting being the heartiest to such as seem to hail from a distance. As a host, his Majesty is among the best, his range and charm of conversation rendering him the most

not a Norwegian, and that he insists on maintaining this union of the two kingdoms. As is a Saxon to a Celt, so is a Swede to a Norwegian, and the King finds his task of driving his two-horse sleigh a hard one. Of course, all Norwegians are not Separatists, any more than all Irish are Nationalists; still, the number of the advanced politicians is sufficiently large to be a perplexity to the dominant power. In



THE ROYAL PALACE, STOCKHOLM.

delightful of entertainers. To his palace and to his yacht King Oscar welcomes all kinds of clever people, whom he delights to decorate with an Order of Merit, *Literis et artibus*, instituted by himself. Of music he is especially fond, and can use his fine deep voice with an artist's skill. To church music in Sweden his Majesty has given a great impetus. His

busy life, unhappily, King Oscar is denied the active co-operation of Queen Sophia, who is a confirmed invalid. The private excellences of her Majesty are so many that her exclusion from public functions is a double calamity. The Crown Princess, too, is very delicate, and must perforce winter afar from the ungenial North. The King's second son, Prince Oscar, organically married a Miss Ebba Munch, who is styled Countess of Wisborg, and does not take rank as a Princess. Prince Eugen prefers to devote his life in single blessedness to art in Paris. Consequently, owing to this dearth of Princesses at the Swedish Court, Princess Ingeborg of Denmark, so recently married to Prince Charles, will play a leading part in all State functions. Her husband inherits from his father a fine person and an amiable character. He is devoted to the interests of the country, and has by his kindness endeared himself to all classes of the people.

The festivities arranged at Stockholm in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of King Oscar's accession to the throne began on Sept. 17, and will be continued until the middle of next week, closing with a great musical festival, in which more than one thousand performers are to take part. Our portraits are reproduced from photographs by G. Florman, Stockholm.

THE COUNTESS OF WISBORG,
WIFE OF PRINCE OSCAR OF SWEDEN.

THE ROYAL PALACE, CHRISTIANIA.

THE SOUDAN ADVANCE.



THE MARCH OF CIVILISATION: THE TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE ACROSS THE NUBIAN DESERT.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Frederic Villiers.



THE MARCH OF CIVILISATION: MAKING THE PERMANENT WAY OF THE NUBIAN DESERT RAILWAY.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Frederic Villiers.

"Peace hath Higher Tests of Manhood than Battle ever knew."—WHITTIER.

HER MAJESTY'S PRIZE—THE FAITHFULLEST!

Not to the Cleverest! nor the Most Bookish! nor the Most Precise, Diligent, and Prudent! But to the

NOBLEST WORK OF CREATION!

In other words, "His Life was Gentle, and the Elements so mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the World,

THIS WAS A MAN!"—SHAKSPEARE.

NOBILITY. "It was very characteristic of the late Prince Consort—a man himself of the purest mind, who powerfully impressed and influenced others by sheer force of his own benevolent nature—when drawing up the conditions of the annual prize to be given by HER MAJESTY at Wellington College, to determine that it should be awarded *not* to the *cleverest* boy, nor the *most bookish* boy, nor to the most *precise, diligent, and prudent* boy, but to the **NOBLEST** boy, to the boy who should show the most promise of becoming a **LARGE-HEARTED, HIGH-MOTIVED MAN.**"—SMILES.

A POWER THAT CANNOT DIE!

REVERENCE IS THE CHIEF JOY OF THIS LIFE.

INFINITUDE.

All Objects are as Windows, through which the Philosophic Eye looks into Infinitude Itself.

'REVERENCE for what is
PURE and BRIGHT
IN your YOUTH; for what
TRUE and TRIED
IN the AGE of OTHERS;
for all that is GRACIOUS
AMONG the LIVING,
GREAT among the DEAD,
AND MARVELLOUS in
the POWER
THAT CANNOT DIE.'
IF I take the wings of the
DWEIL in the uttermost
OF the UNIVERSE, 'THY
KNOWEST thou ANY
WHERE at least FORCE

THE WITHERED LEAF
CANNOT DIE;

DETACHED!
SEPARATED! I say
NO SUCH SEPARATION:
WAS ever stranded; cast
BUT ALL, were it only a
WORKS together with
THE BOTTOMLESS,
AND LIVES THROUGH
PERPETUAL META-



PLATO MEDITATING ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND POPPY, ABOUT 400 B.C.

"There is no Death! What seems so is transition; this life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian, whose portal we call Death."—LONGFELLOW.

THE Withered Leaf IS
NOT DEAD and LOST
THERE are Forces in it
AROUND it, though
working in inverse order.
ELSE how could it ROT?
DESPISE NOT the RAG
MAN MAKES PAPER, or
LITTER from which
THE EARTH makes
RIGHTLY viewed,
NO MEANEST OBJECT is
INSIGNIFICANT;
ALL Objects are as
WINDOWS, through
PHILOSOPHIC EYE
INFINITUDE ITSELF.

MORAL!

THE above DISTINCTLY
PROVES that matter is
INDESTRUCTIBLE.
INTELLECT—UNDER-
STANDING, GENIUS,
ABILITY, SENSE—is
SUPERIOR to MATTER;
NOT LOGIC to Preserve
DESTROY the SUPERIOR
THE following beautiful
lines from LONGFELLOW'S
'RESIGNATION' are
TRUE:

THE BREAKING OF LAWS REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies. Discipline and Self-Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest and Best in this Life.

O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!

"'Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee."—STERNE.

The JEOPARDY OF LIFE is Immensely Increased without such a Simple Precaution as

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

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LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

I have just received a charming letter from a lady who signs herself "Ignorant Polly," enclosing a piece of material which has my sincere admiration, for I think it would make a most excellent skirt, and should have the bodice of the same material turning back with revers of black velvet pouching over a narrow black band and showing a front of



A TRAVELLING ULSTER.

cream-coloured net lace or chiffon. Should she have a particular fancy for the cowslip-yellow she mentions, then might the front be made of this. The best hat to crown such a costume would be a toque of velvet trimmed with black paradise plumes.

Paradise plumes are very much to the fore in the world fashionable, where, indeed, every sort of feather is exercising a considerable influence. The ostrich-feather and the curled quills are by no means in the background, and amongst the many popular dark colours I notice a decided tendency in favour of a light shade of cedar brown. Hats made of this are numerous, usually trimmed with ostrich-feathers in the natural tint. There is also a fancy for trimming little toques of drab velvet with bands of fur and drab quills, and somehow or other, although drab is not generally supposed to be becoming, these hats seem to suit most people; surrounded by the halo of the latest fashion, they bear themselves with elegance. It is a curious fancy to wear light drab in the autumn, but I am told the shade obtains in Paris, and it is to be trimmed with fur, beaver, or sable, as the season advances; at the moment it is mostly to be found decorated with braids or ribbon velvet.

None of the new dress models have arrived in London yet; all the buyers have been over, but they are waiting the consignment of their selected goods. However, I have received some authentic news: the pouched bodice is not to be banished from our best affections, although it is to be brought tighter down the back and under the arms, and only to be permitted to overhang the belt obtrusively in the front. Furthermore have I been told that white fur is to be used in combination with all the darker kinds of fur, and the latest atrocity committed by the authorities is to dye caracule different shades. This, I confess, has no charms for me. White fur, black fur, or fur under its natural aspect is adorable, but the idea of a pink caracule collar, embroidered with jet, decorating a black caracule coat seems to me merely hideous.

Some charming little toques besides those in drab velvet, trimmed with ostrich-feathers, I have met, formed of feathers of the same texture as those on the breast of a swan, shading from ivory to drab, and trimmed merely at one side with a long osprey. All ospreys, instead of setting upright, set across the hats; but, on the whole, there are not so many of these worn as there were, a fact I cannot conscientiously attribute to humanity on the part of womankind, but merely to our customary fickleness in matters fashionable.

I wonder if I have mentioned in these columns that the skirts this season are to be guileless of stiff lining. They are not cut of particularly narrow dimensions, but they hang softly in natural folds, and they certainly make for grace, whether in cloth or in velvet. Velvet is to be very much worn in the autumn, and those to whom its price is prohibitive may comfort themselves with gowns of velveteen.

Cloth skirts with velvet pouched coats are particularly attractive when well made, and a green plaid skirt will look well with a green velvet jacket of the reefer description.

We are, most of us, busy trying to persuade ourselves we do not want new clothes for another month, and indeed the close condition of the atmosphere in London does much to confirm this hope. The best costume which I have seen for the immediate moment has a skirt of black cloth made in three flounces, guileless of any fullness, just cut *godet*, and a bodice of a blue and black and violet checked silk hemmed with black satin ribbon pouching over a narrow jet belt and showing a front of white tucked muslin. One other dress equally worthy of admiration I have met in light grey cloth with a Russian blouse to the waist, fastening down one side with oxidised buttons clasped round the waist with a belt of grey suede fastened with an oxidised silver buckle, and at the neck of this a small vest was displayed of white satin, stitched down into flat tucks, while the little toque which was worn with it was of grey velvet, with a wonderful grey bird setting up with its tail slanting over the hair at one side.

Tailor-made clothes always reassert themselves at this time of the year, but there seems to be very little novelty in these; the strappings of cloth upon cloth are as popular as ever, but the smartest of the coats are faced with white cloth, with strappings of the coloured cloth laid closely over these. Happily, too, the sleeves are small, though not quite tight-fitting; set into box pleats round the armhole they give no suggestion of extravagant width across the shoulders. The most becoming of the plain cloths are blue and heliotrope, and either of these looks well faced with biscuit-colour or white, with strappings of the same used to decorate it.

That is a capital ulster illustrated on this page. It might do service on an ocean steamer, made in cloth with an interlacing of plaid, supplied with a cape and hood, semi-fitting down the front, with a double row of pearl buttons and broad hems.

The costume might also be used for travelling, when the stiff-fronted shirt could be replaced by one of soft silk for extra comfort. It is made of soft cedar-coloured vicuna, decorated with lines of braid of the same shade. The vest overhangs a suede belt, and the revers are faced with a shade of cloth lighter than the costume. PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

Sir W. Turner, of Edinburgh, did his best at the recent British Association meeting to revive an ancient fallacy that used to be much in evidence twenty years ago, but that has of late hidden its diminished head, as *a priori* theories are almost obliged, poor things, to do when facts and experience are so rude as to emphatically contradict them. He told the Canadians that the weight of women's brains is so much less than men's that any intellectual comparison between the sexes is absurd. People are apt to suppose (if they live outside scientific circles) that personal prejudices and passions do not intrude into the calm sphere of science—that a man states what he knows and draws inferences from facts without any other idea than a single-minded desire to discover and reveal abstract truth. Alas! no; the scientist no more than the Jew (*vide* Shylock) is free from human weakness. The spirit in which many of these good gentlemen have approached the question of the structure of the female brain is naively revealed in Mr. Havelock Ellis's book on "Men and Women," where he observes that it has been stated over and over again by anatomists that the frontal region in women is smaller than in men, whereas the reverse is now thought to be the case; and the reason for this long-continued error is that, as the frontal region was believed to be the seat of the higher intellectual processes, if an anatomist, "on examining a dozen or two brains, found himself landed in the conclusion that the frontal region of women is relatively larger than that of men, he would feel that he had been landed in a conclusion that was absurd"; and it is, indeed, only since it has been found that the ape has a larger frontal development than man, and that this region has no special connection with intellect, "that it has been possible to recognise the fact that that region is actually larger in women than in men." In like manner, Sir B. W. Richardson stated that in his student days it was taught in all sobriety by anatomical authorities that the joint of a woman's shoulder was more shallow than a man's, so that she was almost sure to dislocate it if she threw a ball with force! Thus comically does preconceived theory upset the scientific vision. Sir William Turner was, perhaps, the most bitter of all the opponents of the medical education of women in Edinburgh a quarter of a century ago. Perhaps he does not state the case for our poor brains so leniently as another might do!

Professor Buchner, the great German, and Professor Darkehevitch, an eminent Russian anatomist, are the leading champions of the opposite view. In the first place, it is pointed out by them that it is quite unscientific and shallow to assume that there is a direct relationship between the weight of the brain mass and the intellectual power; there is, doubtless, some connection between size and force everywhere, other things being equal, but mere weight of brain mass is not the same thing as intellectual weight. Thus the elephant and the whale have both far heavier brains than man, yet are his intellectual inferiors; while among illustrious men there is by no means a close and certain correspondence between brain weight and intelli-

gence. Professor Darkehevitch states that the brain of General Skobeleff was lighter than that of forty other soldiers whose brains were weighed at the same time. Dante's brain was 1320 grammes in weight; the celebrated Liebig's was 1207 grammes, and Gambetta's was 1341 grammes, while the average weight of the every-day man's brain is 1360 grammes. The fact is that a certain portion of the brain's weight is given over to the performance of inferior duties, and it is impossible to tell by merely weighing the whole what is the intellectual portion. The proportion between the weight of the brain and that of the whole body is probably a more true test. Sir William Turner can be safely defied to tell twenty male from twenty female brains submitted to him, marked in cypher.

"Rational dressers" cannot be held to have gained much by their parade to Oxford and dinner, with Lady Harberton in the chair. Though seven clubs were taking part in the proceedings, there was only a muster of forty lady cyclists. Even had their turn-out been more imposing, however, it would not have been well advised. What is wanted is to get the rational dress accepted here as it already is in France, that land of taste in dress, as something not at all remarkable or extraordinary. Few ladies will be martyrs to public opinion; few will allow themselves to be considered extraordinary or eccentric in order to secure the increased comfort and safety of wearing knickers when a-wheel. The less reason, therefore, there is for the public to regard rational wheelwomen as a-demonstrating and advanced class apart, and the less fuss that is made about the costume, the easier it is for single riders with a little individuality to take their own course. Would that all our "rational" wheelwomen wore costumes as pleasing and as feminine as the ordinary Parisienne's full-kilted "knicker-skirt"!

Miss Ormerod, the well-known entomologist, has undertaken a crusade against the sparrow. She has had the crops of a very large number examined, and has found them containing almost exclusively the farmers' grain of various kinds. She has issued a leaflet urging the destruction of poor *passer domesticus*; a great number of copies have been circulated among farmers. Miss Edith Carrington, however, still pleads for the birds, claiming that they more than repay their corn by the havoc they work among injurious insects and grubs at other seasons.

Art needlework at present has regained the importance which it had in the Middle Ages. The architect of the cathedral church of St. Nicholas, at Newcastle, has not disdained to design an altar-frontal, the working of which has just been completed. It is a fine green silk damask, divided into seven panels by narrow bands of cloth of gold, with raised gold embroidery. Each panel is exquisitely wrought with delicate traceries of gold thread, and has a



COSTUME OF CEDAR-COLOURED VICUNA.

central ornament of shaded silk in tones of palo blue, pink, and white. The super-frontal bears a text in heavy embossed gold, with pink leaves between the words. No ancient altar-piece is more beautiful.

It is asserted that a new occupation has been found for women. A well-known firm of bailiffs has taken out certificates for a number of young women to act as "man in possession." The change from the ordinary creditor's representative to a neat unobtrusive girl would no doubt be appreciated by the debtor's family. F. F. M.

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New Moonstone Intending the Brooch, and Diamond Bangle and £3 3s.



New Diamond Pike Scarf-Pin, Head and fine enameled trout to match, £4 15s. Perch, Salmon, Salmon-Trout, and Trout, same price.



Diamond Jubilee Commemorative Brooch, set with fine Diamonds, 8 Rubies, and 3 Sapphires, £5 5s.



New Pattern Brooch, 18 Brilliants, 3 Rubies or Sapphires, and 2 whole Pearls, £5 5s.



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New Pattern Brooch, 3 Rubies or Sapphires, and 7 Rose Diamonds, £3 15s.



Fine Diamond Pendant, £35.



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the widow of his uncle, Osman Ricardo. These benefits are to be in addition to and not in substitution for those she will receive under her marriage settlement. He further gives £1000 to his wife's sister, Caroline Emma Monckton; £1000 each to his sisters, Mary Bertha Ricardo and Mabel Ada Ricardo; £20,000 between all his children, other than the son who shall succeed to his settled estates; £100 to Richard Muller L. £100 to his daughter, an annuity of £50 to his husband George Stedley on legacies to executors and servants. He gives and devises his real estate in the counties of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hampshire, upon trust, for his son David Alan Ricardo, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male. All his copyhold and leasehold estates and the residue of his personal property are to follow the trusts of his settled estates.

The will (dated March 29, 1892) of Mr. Robert Ingham, of Green Hill House, Wrothly, Leeds, who died on April 6, was proved on Aug. 16, in the Wakefield District Registry, by Samuel Ingham and Charles Ingham, the brothers, and Arthur Ingham, the nephew, the value of the personal estate being £88,007. The testator gives £200 to the Leeds General Infirmary; £100 each to the Leeds Tradesmen's Benevolent Institution, the Leeds Unmarried Women's Benevolent Institution, the Cockridge Convalescent Home, and the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society; £50 to the Hospital for Women and Children, Leeds; the use of his house with the furniture and contents thereof, and an annuity of £900 to his brother Charles and his sisters Mary

Anne Ingham and Eliza Hannah Ingham and the survivor of them; and an annuity of £200 to his sister Sarah Waddington. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his nephews and nieces.

The will (dated Oct. 21, 1867) of Mr. Henry Thompson, M.D., of 18, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, who died on July 22, was proved on Sept. 1 by Miss Ann Thompson, the sister, and William Thompson, the brother, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate being £15,105. The testator gives all his personal estate to his brothers and sisters in equal shares. He devises all his real estate, upon trust, for his brothers and sisters, for life, and at the death of the survivor of them, between all their respective eldest sons.

The will (dated July 21, 1896) of Colonel Archibald Impey-Lovibond, J.P., D.L., of Hatfield Peveril and Sandon, Essex, who died on June 19, was proved on Sept. 2 by Mrs. Clara Prudentia Impey-Lovibond, the widow, and Major Samuel Martin Gully, the executors, the gross value of the personal estate being £7192. He appoints the funds of his marriage settlement, subject to the life interest of his wife, to his daughters, Mrs. Bessie Clara Gully and Miss Mabel Impey-Lovibond. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated Aug. 31, 1882) of Francis Robert Baron Camoys, J.P., D.L., of Stonor Park, Henley-on-Thames, and 28, Aldford Street, Park Lane, London-Waiting 1886, and from 1892 to 1895, who died on July 11, was proved on Sept. 4 by Baroness Camoys, the widow and executrix,

the value of the personal estate being £3726 15s. gross and the net nil. The testator gives £500 and his personal chattels to his wife, and subject thereto he leaves all his personal estate and his unsettled real estate, upon trust, for such person as shall, on his decease, succeed to Stonor Park.

The will of Miss Jean Inghelow, of 6, Holland Villas Road, Kensington, who died on July 20, has been proved by Benjamin Inghelow, the father and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £6018.

The will of Baroness Anne Sarah Porcelli, of 12, Anglessey Crescent, Alverstoke, Hants, widow, who died on Aug. 13, has just been proved by Ernest Frederick Joseph Porcelli, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £135.

Newcastle-on-Tyne did not take part in outside Jubilee Funds, for it had its own enormous infirmary to rebuild. The fund for that purpose has beaten the record of all Jubilee demonstrations of charity. It has reached the noble sum of £200,000, half of which came from one donor, Mr. John Hall, a local ship-owner. The infirmary at Newcastle-on-Tyne has no rival in any town near at hand. It takes its subjects from a population of over a million, and has a larger number of operations performed within its walls than are performed in any other hospital in the kingdom. Local surgeons, like local commercial magnates, give it of their best, Mr. Page being one of the operators who places the best surgical skill in the North of England at the gratuitous disposal of the patients.

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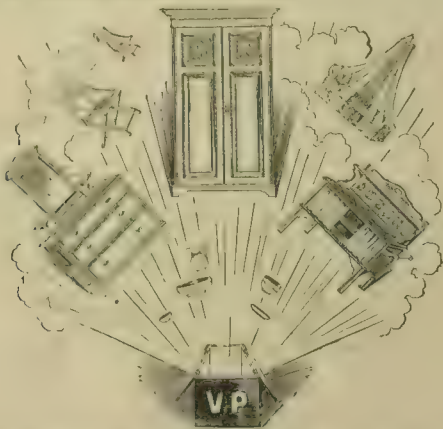
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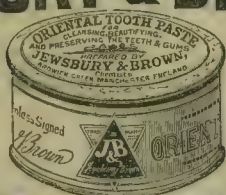
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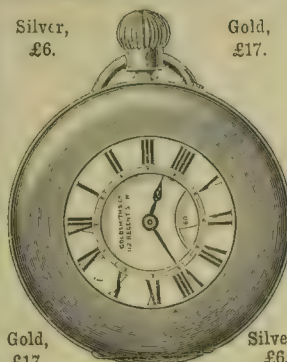
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"IN THE DAYS OF THE DUKE," AT THE ADELPHI.

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past," and with her son, who, like the hero of "André Cordellis" or "Pierre et Jean," is ignorant of the fact, and, somewhat like Hamlet, is devoted to restoring his father's renown. The mother's shame and the father's honour are connected in the person of the diabolical villain (a relic of the oldest school), who has wronged his friend's wife, killed that friend when striving to defend an Indian hill-fort against the villain's treachery, and fathered his own crime on the dead Colonel. Thanks to a convenient and loosely worded document, the wife can only save her husband's name by revealing her disgrace to her son, and so breaking an oath to her husband. How the secret is kept playgoers must discover for themselves. Enough that the two playwrights offer us a highly complicated if impossible story, a series of thrilling and passionate scenes, and a succession of admirable stage pictures—notably the historical ball of the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels, with a real Highland reel, and a grim and vivid representation of Hougoumont battlefield after Waterloo. And the acting is as unexceptionable as the scenery. Mr. Terriss's fervent

energy, no less than his picturesque aspect, in a military rôle is proverbial; but Mr. Cartwright, burdened though he is with incredible villainies, runs Mr. Terriss hard in popular favour. It is, however, to Miss Marion Terry, as the agonised mother, that the real acting opportunities fall, and her pathos is irresistible. A pleasant little comedy rôle for Miss Millward, an occasional appearance of Mr. Fulton as the Duke, and some humorous relief of Mr. Nicholls and Miss Featherstone are other features calling for notice in an unpretentious production that well deserves success.

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Guy's Tonic acts specifically and immediately upon the Digestive Organs and Liver, and through the medium of the Blood, is carried to every part of the Body, strengthening, regulating, and restoring every Tissue and Fluid in the entire Frame. Read the following typical and serious cases. They show what Guy's Tonic can do in such instances, and bear in mind the fact that what it has done for others it can do for you.

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The following Obstinate Case of Indigestion of Twenty Years' standing, with Pain after Food, Loss of Appetite, and Loss of Flesh, was completely cured by Guy's Tonic. Read the Statement carefully—

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"I have pleasure in stating the following facts with regard to the great benefit my wife has received from a course of Guy's Tonic."

"I have been married twenty years, and for the greater part of that time she has suffered from Indigestion, and has not been able to eat any other flesh meat except mutton, and that only sparingly. She has tried all sorts of medicines without any lasting results, and one of the leading Doctors in this City told her she would always be Dyspeptic. Her Appetite failed her, and she began to lose flesh. I came across one of your Advertisements in which a similar case was mentioned, and I sent out and got a bottle of Guy's Tonic."

"I then got another, and now have the satisfaction of saying that Guy's Tonic put her all right; and her Appetite is such that she can eat a dry crust with relish. I think Guy's Tonic only wants to become more widely known to be highly appreciated by all who suffer from Indigestion and kindred ailments."

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"Milburn Bank, Southwick, by Dumfries. Please send me another Bottle of Guy's Tonic. I feel much better already from taking the one I got. I have been a Martyr for Years to Indigestion and Biliousness, and at times very sick, vomiting everything I ate, and sometimes the Sickness would continue for Weeks at a time. I was beginning to give up all hopes of ever getting any Medicine to do me any good, and so when I saw Guy's Tonic advertised I resolved to try it, and I am happy to say it has had the desired effect."

"JANET DICKSON."

"Indigestion Cured."

Mrs. BRITTAIN, of 116, Lumley Street, Swaffers Carr, near Middlesbrough, writes—
 "I write to thank you for Guy's Tonic safely received. I feel a great deal better. I can take my meals better than I have done for some time. Guy's Tonic gives me a good Appetite. I have not felt the indigestion since I took it."

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"Albert Street, Wednesbury, Staffs. Having suffered with severe Liver Complaint for the last three years. Pains in the Back, and Mental Depression, I have tried nearly everything without benefit, but after taking three doses of your Guy's Tonic the Pains in the Back have entirely gone, and I feel as I have not done before for several years. I shall recommend Guy's Tonic wherever I go."

"J. H. KIGHT."

"Pain after Food."

"Sutton Bridge. My Wife for Twenty years suffered from Indigestion. She has been trying Doctors and all sorts of Medicine, but got worse. This Winter she has been very low-spirited, and the eating of a small Biscuit only has caused Pain and Sickness. Seeing your Advertisement she thought she would try Guy's Tonic. She did so, and I can safely say she is better than she has been for Years. Since taking Guy's Tonic her Appetite has improved, and she is decidedly stronger. My wife is now fifty-six years of age."

"J. T. ROSE."

"Quite Well Now."

"Hyde House, Redditch. I suffered from Indigestion for years, but nothing did me so much good in so short a time as Guy's Tonic. Two bottles and quite well, for which I cannot feel too grateful."

"M. A. POTTER."

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"Besborough, Piltown, Ireland. Would you send me a Bottle of Guy's Tonic, for which I enclose Stamps? I have been suffering from Bilious Attacks; I have also spit up blood several times lately, and feel dreadfully Depressed and Low-Spirited. I have found great relief from Guy's Tonic."

"W. WINES."

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"JOHN F. BEATTIE."

"Tried and Proved."

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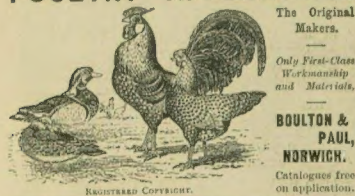
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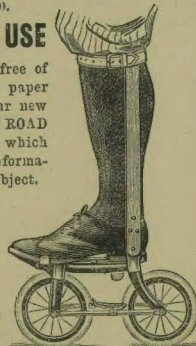
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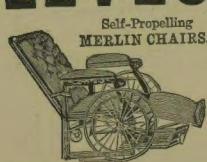
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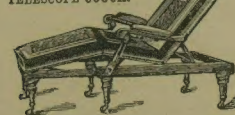
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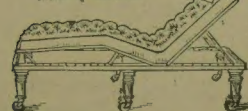
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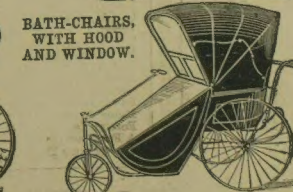
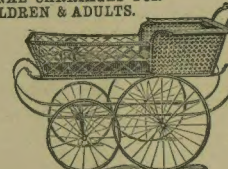
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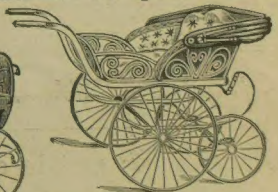
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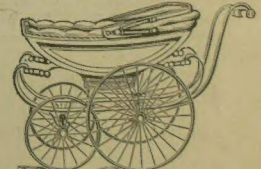


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3	Lambeth Palace: the Gateway	A. Quinton	"	10 by 7
4	"Ring Out the Old, Ring In the New"	F. Davidson	Monochrome	10½ by 14½
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6	Lollards' Tower, Lambeth Palace	A. Quinton	"	6½ by 6½
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8	Christ Church Gate, Canterbury	A. Quinton	"	6½ by 5½
9	The Deanery, Canterbury	A. Quinton	"	7 by 5½
10	West Gate, Canterbury	A. Quinton	"	7½ by 5½
11	St. John's Hospital Gate, Canterbury	A. Quinton	"	7½ by 5½
12	Westgate Tavern, Canterbury	A. Quinton	"	6½ by 5½
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14	Bits of Cambridge	A. Quinton	"	4½ by 5
15	University Boat Houses, Cambridge	Will B. Robinson	Pen and Ink	12 by 15½
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17	The First Lesson	Charles Vigor	"	11½ by 14
18	Orphans	Gunning King	"	10 by 12
19	"The Healing Hand of Time"	W. Rainey	"	12½ by 10½
20	"Some Enemy Hath Done This!"	W. Rainey	"	13 by 21
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23	Entrance Gate, Bharus	Fred T. Jane	"	11½ by 8½
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26	Cardigan Hemp Winding	Alf J. Johnson	"	9½ by 12½
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28	The Clerk of the Weather	H. R. Robertson	"	10 by 13½
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